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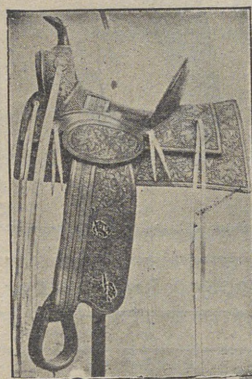
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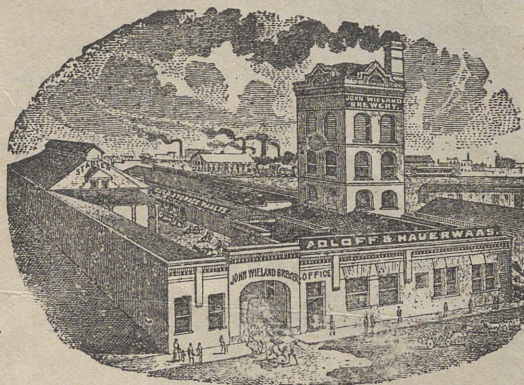
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Who's Who in Los Angeles.



J. Ross Clark

The subject of this sketch is reputed to be one of Los Angeles's richest men; at all events, his brother, William A., who bought his way into the United States Senate from Montana, is one of the richest men on earth. Mr. J. Ross Clark is pictured in the above conceit as a great railroad builder; his name is closely identified with the literature of the Salt Lake Railroad, which his brother's millions helped Mr. Harriman to build and control. Designed as a great savior of Southern California trade

and founded, first on the persuasive eloquence of Thomas E. Gibbon and second on W. A. Clark's millions, the Salt Lake has turned out to be an auxiliary not an adversary of the Southern Pacific. Mr. J. Ross Clark and Mr. T. E. Gibbon have figured among the road's vice-presidents. While they figured, it is not believed they counted, and it is further said that they usually figured in opposite directions. In the distressing disclosures that rup-

(Continued on Page 4)

The International Struggle in Russia

By Dr. Pehr Olsson-Seffer

(Continued from Last Week)

Trouble is brewing not only in the most different layers of the people, but in the czar's immediate family. The present representative of the Romanoff dynasty has not even the big frame of the family. Nicholas lacks the strong will and the brutal physical strength of his father, and he has not even been able to grapple with the problem of quenching the jealousy and intrigues among the members of his imperial household. The believers in the patriarchal despotism, led by the Dowager-empress, and those who advocate the autocracy of the police, favored by the czar, have been fighting for a long while. It is almost impossible to believe to what extent this enmity between the two rival parties has gone. Each faction has many adherents among the highest society; each possesses immense wealth and great power.

This hostility at the court is not confined to the courtiers, but extends also to the guards, among which the Dowager-empress Maria as well as the Czarina Alexandra have their favorite regiments, ready to defend their patrons against each other, should occasion arise.

At court and among the higher aristocracy Nicholas is personally made responsible for the war, which has soiled the Russian arms and brought so much humiliation over the military honor of the nation. On his weak shoulders are heaped all the mistakes that have been made in the army and navy, in the government and in the financial administration. These people consider that the cause of all the misfortunes is to be found in the fact that there is not on the throne a strong man, who could hold with an iron grip the court, the ministers and the army, a man who could represent before the nation the embodiment of an absolute power combined with clemency and grace.

Repeated attempts have been made to entice Nicholas, being an invalid, to abdicate and to place his brother, Grand Duke Michael, on the throne. The latter is considered a strong character, free from all demoralizing influence and fluctuation of mind,

J. Ross Clark

(Continued from Page 3)

tured Riverside society and the subsequent abortive legal proceedings their policies were understood to be decidedly antagonistic to each other. However, both Mr. J. Ross Clark and Mr. T. E. Gibbon enjoy the confidence of Brother William, which is the main thing.

"J. Ross" is quite a likeable person and very inoffensive. Railroad men think he knows more about beet sugar than about railroading. He is tall, lithe and rather comely. He is a very good man. He is also one of the mainstays of that most admirable institution, the Y. M. C. A., and has served as its president. He carefully washes his hands before he goes to a Y. M. C. A. meeting in order to remove the tobacco stains from his index finger, for he consumes, when not at the Y. M. C. A., a great many paisano cigarettes. He rolls them himself, not from excessive thrift but because he prefers them that way.

and non-responsive to the temptations of the fair sex. All such efforts towards abdication have been futile on account of the stubborn opposition of the czar and czarina, who want at any cost to see their offspring on the hereditary Russian throne.

Involuntarily one thinks of the tragical process by which more than once court camarillas have made away with tyrants. The horrible dungeons in Schluesselburg, the old fortress near Neva's outlet into Lake Ladoga, similar to the underground prison chambers in Venice, have contained not only aristocratic rebels, but crowned heads have been tortured there in cold and damp cells, to be finally disposed of by paid murderers. Assassination is almost a national institution in Russia by this time. Both the father and grandfather of Nicholas I were murdered and the dim shadow of Emperor Paul still dwells over the Michailoffsky palace in St. Petersburg. The tragical fate of Alexander II must always stand forth as one of the most cruel deeds in history. Assassination is never excusable, not even by the greatest provocation. The political murders of such men as Bobrikoff, the tormentor of Finland, Plehve and Grand Duke Sergius, brutal satraps of the autocratic regime, may in the eyes of some fanatics be connected with extenuating circumstances, but murder is and will always be murder.

The much spoken of nihilists were in the beginning no terrorists. "We would be quite satisfied with a mode of government such as the Prussian" a nihilist once said to Prince Bismarck. But the brutal satraps of the czar have themselves by the use of criminal violence called forth the present conditions. When loyal subjects are deported, tortured, murdered for the most ridiculous causes such as reading Darwin's works, founding private schools, forgetfulness in baring their heads when entering a vestibule where the portrait of the czar is hung, it is only natural that active resistance will follow and nihilism will be vigorous. Personal vengeance is in many cases the leading motive for murderous cruelties committed "in the interest" of the welfare of the empire, and death at the hands of an avenger is the explanation of many "political" assassinations.

It is a popular fallacy, that there is at the present time any revolution in Russia. A vast ferment is working, but a revolution can only be executed by the masses of the nation. It is the main object of the revolutionary party to awaken the people, and the terrorists are only preparing for the final struggle. This oppressed nation must yet be entirely refashioned before it reaches its maturity and can accept the full benefit of western freedom. Its prejudices must be destroyed, its desires purified, its necessities limited. Autocracy can be remodelled in a single day. Bureaucracy cannot. There is no autocrat in Russia, but the power is in the hand of a strong bureaucratic caste. The transition of this into democracy takes time, as many habits of the people have to be altered, many vices must be uprooted.

The great indomitable chieftan of Russian bureaucracy, the spiritual rector of the empire, the evil genius of the czar, is Pobiedonostzev, the procurator of the Holy Synod. He is the man who reigns in Russia. The great principle of unity, proclaimed by Ivan the Terrible, has found a worthy supporter in

Pobiedonostzev. Unity in thought, in religion, in language and in mode of government is the only canon for this fanatical apostle of Slavophilism. Holy Russia must be one and undividable. Autocracy in its present form must be maintained at any cost. Absolutism and orthodoxy, the watchwords of the reactionaries, agree with constitutional forms no better than oil with water. A constitution is viewed by Pobiedonostzev and his followers with abhorrence. Their ideal of earthly happiness is the reverse of the western interpretation.

The bitter strife between the reactionaries and the reformers can be summarized in the two words—Pobiedonostzev and Tolstoy. These two men stand against each other as two hostile army commanders, one in front of the powerful intolerant orthodoxy, against which the other with the glowing eloquence of a crusade preacher is leading the masses of reform friends to attack after attack. There is no other man in Russia than Pobiedonostzev who would have dared to let the ecclesiastical bolt in the form of a decree of excommunication fall upon the head of the hermit of Yasnaya Poliana. No one else in the whole Russian empire dares express the truth about the anachronistic teachings of the Greek church so openly as Count Tolstoy, the heretic, the atheist from the orthodox point of view.

If Tolstoy were a practical leader of men instead of a sentimental philosopher he would be the natural conductor of the anti-absolutistic movement. As it is, Tolstoy is doing more than all the propaganda of freedom by his writings. Compared with the teachings of socialists and anarchists Tolstoy's theories are lame and peaceful. But while the socialists and anarchists have difficulty in being understood by the ignorant, oppressed and enslaved peasants, Tolstoy's teachings, founded on the gospel, are easily

comprehended and adapted to the Russian national character. They have, therefore, become so widely spread in Russia as to form an actual peril, not only to the orthodox church, but also to the czarism based upon it.

"Thought, once awakened, shall not again slumber," said Carlyle, and this is the real exponent of the surging social conscience of Russia, which in due time may lead to actions that will overthrow the old order of state and church. It is safe to say that there will be no revolution in Russia in the near future because under present conditions this would be an impossibility, but there certainly is a revolution going on in the minds of the people. Never in Russian history has there been such a boundless license of thought against an unscrupulous restraint upon expression. Never has there been a more reckless opposition to the government, never a greater disregard of personal safety, never a more openly shown willingness to submit to the horrors of martyrdom.

The recent promises of the czar and his creatures cannot stem the tide, even if they should materialize, which is doubtful. The peace now concluded will rather increase the danger than lessen it. The dams have fallen and no human power can repair the breach, through which liberty is rushing forward with the mighty roar of a spring flood, drowning in its way absolutism and slowly but surely obliterating the bureaucratic mode of thought that has long been the bane of Russia. From under the dense clouds of orthodoxy, which like the thick cover of snow on her fields, has kept Russia in darkness, there shall arise with the advent of freedom, a new Russia, which shall rapidly gain a position among the nations that represent modern civilization, progress and knowledge.

Another Idol Falls

By D. W. Fieldwin

Years ago I was a regular reader of one portion of the Ladies' Home Journal. Mr. Bok, in his wisdom, permitted the existence of a department known as "Side Talks With Girls." It was conducted by Ruth Ashmore, who in life also wrote in an entirely different vein over the pen name of "Bab." "Side Talks With Girls" was a paragon of priggish sissiness. The column contained nugget after nugget of pure joy. You were told that "a girl of sixteen was not expected to have cards;" you were assured that "a young lady of seventeen should not receive company except in the presence of a chaperon, and 'twere better if she spent her time with books instead of men at this budding time of life." There were cords and cords of stuff of the same sort that made the average man rise above the depths of business despondency and worry. No professional humorist ever ran a more humorous column than "Side Talks With Girls."

Then Ruth Ashmore—otherwise the brilliant and sparkling "Bab"—died. Her column died with her, and I lost interest in the Home Journal. I read a statement somewhere that Mr. Bok had attempted to get Kipling to substitute some other word for "sherry" in a story that Kipling had sold the Home Journal. I read, too, that Kipling suggested that "Mellin's Food" be substituted for "sherry;" for

you know that Mr. Bok is a perfect lady and does not want the name of any liquor to appear in the columns of the Home Journal. I quit reading the Journal—and in disgust.

But I am going to start in once more. I saw a copy of the September Home Journal the other night. Chance directed my hand to a department devoted to short stories. Chance directed my eye to this story:

A very pretty young woman slipped and fell on the stone steps in front of her father's house, spraining her knee. She disliked doctors, but the knee finally grew so bad that she was persuaded to call in medical advice. She wouldn't have this doctor or that one, but finally said she would consent to have called a certain spruce-looking young man, carrying a homeopathic medicine case, who passed the house every day.

The family kept a sharp lookout, and when he came along, called him in.

The young lady modestly raised her skirts and showed the disabled member. The young man looked at it and said:

"That certainly is quite serious."

"Well," said the young lady, "what shall I do?"

"If I were you," he said, "I would send for a physician."

"But can not you attend to it?" asked the girl.

"Not very well," answered the young man. "I am a piano tuner."

Don't you think that will prove a shocker for the dear readers of the Ladies' Home Journal? Imagine Edward W. Bok, who is a perfect lady, letting

that sort of a story get through the columns of his perfectly proper periodical.

That is nothing to the one that follows. Read this:

A ten year old girl, fresh from her first skating on the lake, dashed into a room where her sister was sitting "holding converse" with her most particular young man acquaintance.

"Sis, you ought to have seen me," she breathlessly cried; "the first time I stood up my feet went right up in the air and I came down plump on my —"

"Minnie," interrupted the sister, getting uneasy.

"Well, what?" asked Minnie. "My legs just scooted

from under me and I came down plump on my —"

"Minnie," screamed her sister, "leave the room instantly!"

"But he's hurt," said Minnie.

"Hurt?" asked the sister, "who's hurt?"

"Why, brother. I came down on him, only you wouldn't let me tell you."

I would that I were a poet. Only a poet could do justice to this awful fall of Bok. Another idol, carefully cherished, has fallen to the earth with a wailful ker-chug. Mr. Bok must be out of his senses and have taken to wearing short skirts.

Theophilus Dingbat's Meanderings

Even poets get fat and lazy and indifferent. Wealth is the only thing that will produce this condition—in poets. But, I hear someone say, "Who ever heard of a rich poet? Have not all the great poems been written by those who have felt the inspiration and the prod of poverty?"

There are exceptions, but the rule must be admitted. "Why do we get no more good poems from James Whitcomb Riley?" I asked one of the poet's good friends in this city.

"Simply because Riley has got rich. He is not obliged to write poetry for a living; therefore he writes very little, and what he does produce is vastly inferior to his work of ten and fifteen years ago. The royalties from his published works have made him well off.

"Take — — — — for instance," and the speaker named one of Riley's best poems. "Riley told me once that he was almost literally starving when he wrote it. There must be an impelling cause, an inspiration, for any man, whether he be a poet or something else, to bring out the best there is in him."

Which amounts to saying that Riley "doesn't have to" produce good poetry, and therefore he does not produce it. What, in recent years, has Riley given us half as good as his "The Song I Never Sing:"

"As when in dreams I sometimes hear
A melody so faint and fine
And musically sweet and clear
It flavors all the atmosphere
With harmony divine,
So, often in my waking dreams
I hear a melody that seems
Like angel voices, whispering
To me the song I never sing."

Passing by "The Old Swimmin' Hole," "Old Aunt Mary's," "When the frost is on the pumpkin" and the corn is in the shock," and others of the homely pastorals that tug gently at the heart strings, there are poems of Riley's that strike a higher note:

"I cannot say and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away!

"With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

"And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there."

Miss Cary voiced a similar thought when she wrote:

"That golden head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea."

Getting back to Riley there is his "Just be Glad," of which the following are the first and last verses:

"Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't

Worry so!

What we have missed of calm we couldn't have,
You know.

What we met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain
We can better meet again
If it blow.

"For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;

So, forgetting all the sorrow

We have had,

Let us fold away our fears

And put by our foolish tears,

And through all the coming years

Just be glad."

"Knee-deep in June" in in a different vein:

"Tell you what I like the best—

Long about knee-deep in June,

Bout the time strawberries melts

On the vines—some afternoon

Like to 'jes git out and rest,

And not work at nothing else."

Riley is not a great poet—let it go at that; but he knows the human heart and how to express appealingly the best that is in it. It is a great pity that Riley has got rich.

By the way, who is the greatest of the living poets? The question was put to a dinner club the other evening, and great was the diversity of opinion. One declared that Swinburne stood at the top; another was sure the Stephen Phillips is the poet of poets; still another said Kipling; whereupon the opinion was expressed that Kipling is a verse-maker but not a poet. But who shall deny that "L'Envoi," "The Song of the Dead," "Recessional," "White Horses," and other verses of Kipling that might be named are real poetry?

Each of the diners present held differently from all the rest, which, in my opinion goes to prove that there is no greatest among living poets. We pick out a verse or a poem here and there, by this or that poet, and pronounce it good, but there we stop; and there also the poets stop.

Desperation

There ain't no nothing no more

And nothing ain't no use to me;

In vain I pace the lonely shore,

For I have saw the last of thee,

I seen a ship upon the deep,

"I haven't did a thing but weep

Since thou hast went!"

And signalled this here fond lament:

—New York Globe.

By The Way

Fenders.

Four fatal accidents in eight days, swelling the already alarming list of street car victims, have increased the agitation of the Voters' League and the Examiner in favor of a new ordinance "to prevent accidents and loss of life and to regulate the operation and movement of street cars." The Los Angeles Street Railway is equipping its cars with new fenders as rapidly as possible. Thirty-eight cars have already been provided with the new fender and within two months the entire system will be equipped. But the Voters' League is not satisfied with the new fender, while Mr. Huntington declares it is the best fender that can be found anywhere. In his address before the University Club, Dr. Haynes said: "I assure you they are miserable and cheap affairs that lack almost every qualification for life saving purposes." The Huntington people do not claim for their new fender that it will prevent injuries but that it is the best fender available. Dr. Haynes declares that in Philadelphia the street cars are equipped with fenders, in front of which it is a common pastime for children to sport and which work so perfectly that the children enjoy being picked up by them. I recounted this to some of the Huntington people and Mr. Dunn immediately made the following sporting offer. "Let Dr. Haynes bring along his wonderful fender. We will attach it to one of our cars. Then let Dr. Haynes stand in front of the car. We will pay \$1000 to his heirs and assigns in the event of a fatal accident and a similar sum to any worthy charity if the doctor comes out of the ordeal and the fender unscathed." "If Dr. Haynes has such a fender and believes in it as he says he does," continued Mr. Dunn, "he should surely be willing to submit to such a test."

Haynes's Counter Challenge.

To which challenge Dr. Haynes, after the manner of the gentlemen of the prize-ring, retorts with a counter proposition. In preface he says "No doubt, the Hon. W. E. Dunn would welcome an opportunity to put me out of the way, and it would be so easy for the motorman to forget to lower the fender sufficiently to catch the whole of my long body! But here is my proposition, and I think a sound one. If Mr. Huntington will agree that if this test is successful he will equip every car he operates with the fender proposed I will provide the test and the man to take part in it. If he will attach to one of his cars the fender I propose, which is along the lines of those used in at least twenty cities in the United States, including Cincinnati, Kansas City and Denver, and will also attach side life-guards, I will guarantee the test of an individual, who has stood many times in front of a car thus equipped and going at a rate of from fourteen to sixteen miles an hour. As soon as this challenge is accepted I will wire this man and guarantee the test upon the streets of Los Angeles. Mr. Huntington must furnish bonds that if the test is successful he will equip every car in Los Angeles with similar fenders within three months from the date of the test."

Must Cover Bumper-Beam.

Continuing Dr. Haynes says: "Messrs. Hunting-

ton, Dunn and McMillan have declared repeatedly within the last six months that the distorted and twisted abortions called 'fenders' were the best possible made. The fender that they are now substituting is again 'the best possible made!' As a matter of fact, it is simply a one-half or three-quarters inch gas-pipe, connected with the old fender and is practically worthless for life-saving. Mr. McMillan in an interview stated that most of the deaths were caused by the impact of the bumper-beam. This gas-pipe arrangement which is on level with, or a little behind, the beam, cannot of course lessen the force of the impact with the beam. Hence the cause of death in the majority of cases, as stated by Mr. McMillan, remains the same. The fender in the proposed ordinance covers the bumper-beam with a resilient frame, so that the result of the impact is reduced to a minimum. It is evident that any fender which does not cover the bumper-beam, according to Mr. McMillan's own showing, will not materially lessen the casualties."

Percentage of Accidents.

I do not for a moment depreciate the grave and startling list of fatal and other accidents laid to the door of the street car companies. It requires investigation and in each instance the responsibility should be put where it belongs. A careless motorman should be punished. A negligent manager should be punished. Furthermore, but for the agitation for better fenders, I doubt if Mr. Huntington would have been spurred to equip his cars with better guards. Corporations are not wont to go to the expense of such improvements without pressure. But I do believe that the subject should be approached in a fair and judicial spirit, not with passionate disregard of facts. I have maintained that ninety per cent of the street car accidents which cause injury to pedestrians, drivers or bicyclists, are due to the carelessness or foolhardiness of the latter and not to the "arrogance or recklessness" of the motormen or to the negligence of the companies in not providing the best fenders. It has not, I believe, been pointed out that, while the accidents in Los Angeles are lamentably more frequent than in any other city in the world, it is also true that Los Angeles has many more miles of street railway than any other city in the world of its population. The returned traveler and the visitor are unanimous in declaring that Los Angeles has the best street car system in this or any other country. The gridironing of the streets, the frequency of the service and the rapid transit demanded, because of long distances traversed, may have something to do with the lamentably large percentage of accidents, for it is not feasible to presume that Angelenos are more careless and reckless in butting up against street cars than the residents of any other city. I would like to see the value of Mr. Huntington's new fender thoroughly tested by a public demonstration.

Speed.

Section 2 of the proposed ordinance makes it unlawful to operate cars over any street crossing or intersection within certain limits at a greater speed than four miles an hour, or outside said district, at more than eight miles an hour. I understand that Mr. Huntington has expressed his entire willingness to run his cars just as slowly as the people want. But he, and any other railroad man—not to say any

thoughtful citizen—knows perfectly well that a roar of indignation would arise if the speed of transportation were much reduced. The average speed that the street cars in Los Angeles make today, from point to point, is only eight and a half miles an hour, none too fast for the man who is in a hurry or who lives four or five miles from his place of business. Existing schedules give some lines such as Pico Heights and the Depot line a speed of nine and a quarter miles an hour, while on lines of greater distance, such as the University and Central avenue lines, the cars traverse ten miles in an hour. Cars running between Ninth and First streets do not make much over three miles an hour. These are actual figures compiled from the schedules and records of the Los Angeles Railway. Who would be satisfied if worse time were made? Take the advertisement of any outlying tract of land, yawning for home-builders. The real estate man impresses upon you the fact that it is only twenty or thirty minutes' as the case may be, from his tract to the center of the city. Add ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to the time consumed and you lop off twenty minutes or half an hour from working hours or the few hours of rest at home. This is a much more serious consideration than it looks. Suppose you live out at, say, Thirty-fifth street and you now allow half an hour to get down to the office. Suppose that half hour is increased to three-quarters of an hour, will you like it? Will you bless the name of the Voters' League?

Freight Cars.

Section 4 of the proposed ordinance threatens to be abortive. It makes it unlawful to run any car carrying freight. Nobody that I know of wishes the Pacific Electric and the other lines to be stopped from carrying freight, which has proved a great public convenience, but everybody wants the companies to pay the city reasonable revenue for very valuable privileges. It is contended by Mr. Huntington's legal advisers that on certain lines they already have franchises which do not prohibit the carrying of freight. But in any case it will be necessary, in order to exact a reasonable revenue, that there should be some special legislation, empowering cities to tax freight cars. If additional franchises were offered and bid for they would not at this juncture fetch any reasonable sums, since there would be no

competition for them. In the meantime, it seems better for the public interest that the freight traffic should not be stopped, unless the city attorney can, without the aid of the Legislature, devise some means of exacting revenue for the privilege of such traffic.

Futility of Extremists.

There is no question so perpetually engrossing the public mind as that of Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities. For the time being it has even thrust into the background the ever menacing struggle between Capital and Labor, perhaps, because that question can only be solved from other directions—in a measure, possibly, by Municipal Ownership. When great and comparatively new questions of public policy absorb the public mind, the extremists at once in the enthusiasm of their advocacy or the vigor of their oppositions are wont to make themselves foolish. Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities is not a subject to be determined by the speculative dreaming of enthusiasts or the vehement denunciation of its enemies. Only last week I heard an ardent advocate of municipal ownership declare "that no sane man could disagree with his theories and demonstrations," but next morning I read in the Los Angeles Times that the gentleman who voiced some mild opposition to the practice of municipal ownership in Australia had the monopoly of sanity in the discussion; the Times's untruthful summary of the proceedings being as follows: "Dr. John R. Haynes read a paper—as usual. Capt. Grant's terse and sane observations were by way of politely knocking into a cocked hat the public-ownership argument of Los Angeles's most frequent enunciator."

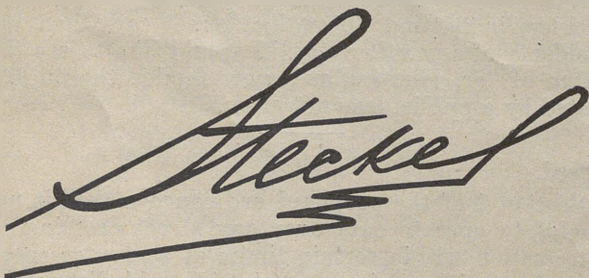
The News?

One would expect a great paper of the strength and dignity of the Los Angeles Times to treat a subject of such tremendous importance honestly and its readers with the consideration and fairness they have a right to expect. Gen. Otis, of course and quite properly, can vent all his dislike and fear of municipal ownership in his editorial columns, and it is important that all sides of the question should be fully discussed, but, surely, some of the readers of the Times expect news in the news column—news unbiased and undefiled. Some of us, however, know the Times too well to expect straight, honest records of fact on any matter or concerning any person for whom or which "the general" has personal "feelings." That was an exceedingly interesting discussion at the University Club last Thursday evening, and it is a pity, that owing to the apathy or fear of the daily newspapers, its value was confined to the hundred and fifty gentlemen who were present. The Examiner gave Dr. Haynes's paper a few paragraphs, declaring that it "elicited profound admiration." As a matter of fact, it did, even from those who did not agree with the enthusiastic and extreme doctor. The Times's summary of the discussion I have given above—for what it is worth. But in each case, it is notable that neither paper did justice "to the other fellow." The Times ignored Dr. Haynes; the Examiner ignored Capt. Grant. In fact, neither played fair or wished to do so. How much confidence can the people place in a partisan press?

No Controversy.

In reality there was no controversy between Dr. Haynes and Capt. Grant. The latter did not even

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attempt "to knock into a cocked hat" Dr. Haynes's arguments. He made no arguments. He simply narrated the facts of his experience in Australia, where state, not municipal, ownership has been tried, under entirely different conditions, in entirely different communities. Nor did Capt. Grant attribute the "threatened paralysis of industry in the colonial domain" to "socialism's pranks" as intimated by the Times's headlines. The paralysis of industry he attributed mainly to a succession of disastrous droughts and to the inferior class of immigrants. His experience of "state socialism" under such conditions, dominated by labor union tyranny, has naturally not been encouraging. But Capt. Grant, after three years' residence in California, recognizes that conditions and men are very different here and he sees that municipal ownership is inevitable, however much he may deplore it.

Pernicious!

The Times will not damage Dr. Haynes by abuse, ridicule or lies. Such serve as the most impoverished apology for the lack of argument. What can be more foolish and puerile than the impudent face-making of the smart young Aleck who with a distinct talent for vituperation is allowed to pen his malice under the guise of "The Lancer," a column designed to reflect the General's bitterest gall and the meanest thoughts of "the mean man from Maine," decked out in venomous verbiage. This impudent young vulgarian with all the self-assurance of ignorance prates about "municipal ownership, the initiative, referendum and recall, and similar and sundry pernicious forms of local government." Thus in the judgment of this raw young Solon all municipal ownership is pernicious; the referendum, which has been one of the bulwarks of this State's constitution since its admission, which is one of the fundamental principles of democratic government, is "pernicious!" Oh! really! I spoke some weeks ago to the conspiracy into which the Los Angeles Times and its editor have entered with the public utility corporations to prevent Los Angeles coming into her own—but is it not a little raw for a semi-editorial writer in the Times to tell the people of Los Angeles, who are so thoroughly satisfied with their municipal ownership of the water system, that municipal ownership is "pernicious"?

The Crux.

The success of Municipal ownership depends on one thing and on one thing only—**Municipal Virtue**. Partisan politics in municipal government saps municipal virtue. Until we have destroyed "politics" in municipal government, more municipal ownership will be dangerous. But at the same time, the root of political evil in municipal government is the interest in it and the control of it on the part of public utility corporations. Eliminate their agents and destroy their pernicious activities in municipal affairs, and it will be comparatively easy to establish municipal virtue—to find honest and efficient men to serve the municipality, giving first class remuneration to first class men. Then municipal ownership of all public utilities will be more than a dream.

Motormen.

Such discussions, as I have already remarked, are apt to be invalidated by the intemperate remarks of extremists. For instance I was surprised to hear

a speaker inveigh bitterly against the arrogance, recklessness and bad manners of street car men, instancing three cases in which motormen had deliberately (apparently, although the speaker was not an eye-witness, but subsequently attended the victims) whirled their cars upon unoffending but obstructing citizens. My own experience, based on many years' observation from the front seat of a car, where for safety I prefer to sit, is that the motormen of Los Angeles are unusually intelligent and careful men, who rarely take any risks and whose dexterity and presence of mind are responsible for the escape of many fool pedestrians, bicyclists and drivers who think that nobody else has a right to the street but themselves. I believe that my observation will be confirmed by any fair-minded citizen—that Los Angeles is peculiarly fortunate in the class of men that serve as motormen and conductors. Compare the politeness of the average conductors of Los Angeles with the callous indifference and, frequently, impudence of the San Francisco conductor. Among so many hundred men there are of course exceptions, but I am confident that the motormen of Los Angeles were in this instance slandered by the speaker.

Not Versatile.

Shortly after the **Graphic** called attention to the remarkable fact that Mayor McAleer was drawing salaries both from a private corporation and the city of Los Angeles—the only publication of this remarkable combination of energies in the local press—the Mayor resigned his position of foreman of the Baker Iron Works. "Too much McAleer" had also been the cause of his resignation some time before his election to the mayoralty, when his activity in the Council against the Huntington interests caused the latter to overlook the Baker Iron Works when awarding valuable contracts. Subsequently, McAleer was restored to his position of foreman, and his influence as mayor was undoubtedly valuable in securing for his firm the contract for the Decarie Crematory. The latest move in this interesting and rather complex partnership is Mr. Fred Baker's resignation from the Mayor's "cabinet," a body that has, however, been rapidly falling into "innocuous desuetude." The Mayor has been attempting to carry altogether too great a burden in this as well as every other line. He cannot combine his official duty, his silly determination to do politics and also private business, at one and the same time. He is no Hercules—indeed, I doubt if he is an adept at anything outside the boiler shop.

City Can Move.

Councilman E. L. Blanchard is back from a hunting trip in Bear Valley. The city's political affairs can now proceed. The "boys" were reluctant to move with Blanchard's directing hand away from the helm.

A Limerick for Earl.

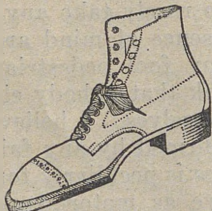
I wonder what will be the next bright scheme of that enterprising young man, Mr. Bernard Vollmer, who seems to have persuaded Mr. Earl, proprietor of the Express, that his paper's prestige and circulation can be increased by patent medicine freak varieties from the business office, instead of a liberal policy in the news and editorial rooms. A farce like "The Mysterious Mr. Hyde" may make the paper talked about for a few days, but it may also make many people lose confidence in the paper. W. M. Garland,

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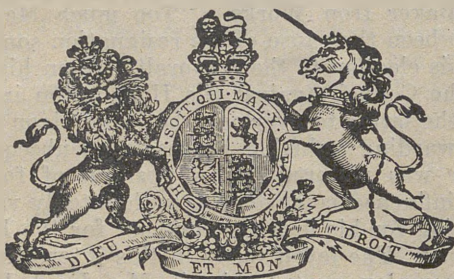
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the real estate man, "spotted" Mr. Hyde after he had been out on his mission only two days, but Mr. Earl and the Express hadn't had their money's worth so early in the game, and the claim was denied. Others have laid claim to having identified Mr. Vollmer's young man and declare they were buncoed out of the prize. If the Express were any longer a newspaper of influence it would not need to condescend to such humbug. Mr. Vollmer's latest bright idea is a "Limerick" competition, offering the large sum of a dollar a day for the best "Limerick." I suppose a page or so of the Express's white paper will now be used up every other day or so with reproductions of amateur versifiers' efforts, which will be so many pages wasted for the general, intelligent reader. However, in my childhood, I used to be somewhat of a Limericker myself and I have submitted the following to the Express, with certain confidence that I am entitled to one of Mr. Earl's dollar prizes:

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In a brief editorial whirl
With all manner of tricks
Fruit Express or gold bricks—
Takes first prize as a champion churl.

Mr. Clover's News.

I understand that the staff of Mr. Clover's Evening News will largely be drawn from his old associates on the Express who never entirely recovered from their distaste of conditions after Clover left Earl. The latter was much distressed when he learned last week that his advertising manager, his circulation manager, his city editor, several of his best reporters and his pressman had "given notice," in order that they might go to work on the Evening News. Clover has also drawn the best newspaper "man" from the staff of the Herald in the person of Mrs. Mary Holland Kinkaid, who for several years has been Sunday editor of the Otisian annex. I understand the columns of the News will also be brightened by one of the Times's brightest young men.

Justice to Lippincott.

When a man does his whole duty in public service, honestly and efficiently, when he sacrifices personal interest for public service, he is entitled to honor among his fellows. Such, however, is not always his portion. The better his sense and the greater his personal sacrifice, the more likely it is that he will earn the enmity of others—that he will be "knocked" by individuals on whose horns it has been his duty to tread or by irresponsible scribblers who are paid to produce "sensations." In the Owens River Valley deal no man has suffered more in certain public prints than Mr. J. B. Lippincott, supervising engineer of the Reclamation Service of the United States Geological Survey. I have not heard any complaint from Mr. Lippincott. He is not that kind of a man, and, besides, it is against the rules of the service to take notice of such attacks. I happen, however, to know something of the inside history of Mr. Lippincott's connection with the



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Owens River scheme and in justice to a faithful public servant and to common decency I shall relate the facts.

Sacrificing Private Practice.

The Reclamation Act, it will be recalled, was passed by Congress, June 17, 1902. Up to that time, it may be noted, Mr. Lippincott was employed by the Department of the Interior as consulting engineer, but devoted at least half his time to his own large and lucrative private practice. At the time of his appointment as supervising engineer of the reclamation service it was expressly stipulated that he should be able to devote part of his time to his private practice. The work of the department has, however, accumulated to such a degree that Mr. Lippincott has gradually been forced to forego his private practice and devote his attention exclusively to government affairs. Incidentally, Mr. Lippincott, by so doing, has reduced his income at least one half, and has made this patriotic sacrifice—because he did not like to take his hand from the plough on the furrow that he had commenced and because—a motive as rare as commendable—he put public service before private gain. This personal explanation may somewhat clear the way for what is to follow.

Provisions of Reclamation Act.

The Reclamation Act was designed to provide by irrigation the greatest benefit to the country as a whole. The Act provided for a legal division of funds, according to what was available from land sales for construction work in the various States. Under this provision the appropriation for California and Arizona amounted to \$2,000,000. That amount will be consumed by the Yuma and Klamath operations alone. Under such circumstances the supervising engineer was justified in believing that there were no funds for government work in Owens River Valley, and it was obvious that there were other districts where the government's money could be used to greater advantage—for the greatest benefit to the country at large. Under these conditions it was considered that the best utilization of superfluous waters of the Owens River would be its use by Los Angeles. Hence the government decided to abandon the Owens Valley scheme.

Mr. Lippincott and the Water Board.

No man was more conversant with the pressing necessity for providing Los Angeles with an adequate water supply than Mr. Lippincott. There are still men in Southern California who claim that we have got all the water we need—underground—if only we had engineers to develop it. That is a delusion. The result of Mr. Lippincott's observations is that the artesian well districts have shrunk 33 per cent in ten years; that the biggest body of water in this district, the Santa Ana River, between Santa Ana and Compton, has fallen 25 feet. Mr. Lippincott was on several occasions asked by the Los Angeles Water Commission to report on these conditions. He did so, supplying the most comprehensive report ever prepared on the available water supply in Southern California, but he refused to give any report on Owens River Valley to the Los Angeles authorities and has never done so.

Mrs. Mary Austin's Charges.

A year ago, Lippincott took a holiday and went on a camping trip in the High Sierras. Fred Eaton

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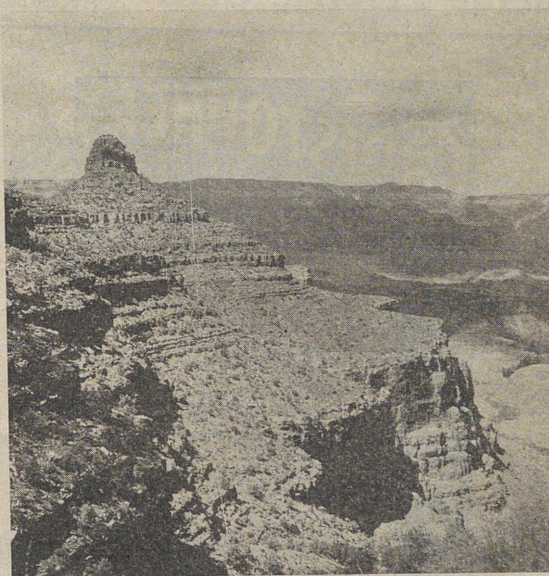
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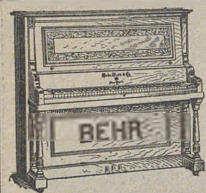
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


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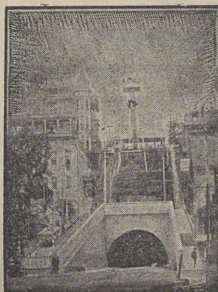


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happened to be in the party, but Mr. Lippincott at that time knew nothing of Mr. Eaton's schemes. This camping trip has been made the excuse for some brick throwing on the part of Mr. Lippincott's critics. Mrs. Mary Austin, for instance, has charged that this camping trip was part of the conspiracy in which Mr. Lippincott played a vital part "to divert the waters of Owens River from the contiguous arid lands to the city of Los Angeles" and has written of the "disaffection of the government officials towards the work of reclamation." She has also charged—the lady has perhaps a greater appreciation of fiction than of fact—that Lippincott connived with Eaton when he appointed him as an agent of the reclamation service and that under this guise Eaton, "fortified and instructed by the government officials and reports, made purchases of land and water rights at advantageous points, notwithstanding the ruling of the service is explicit in the matter of supplying information to private parties or corporations before publication." As a matter of fact and truth, Mr. Lippincott did nothing of the sort. After the government's engineers had been withdrawn, a private power company made application to Lippincott for certain rights of way. Lippincott wrote to Eaton, who was in Owens Valley, asking him for certain necessary information. Eaton happened to show this letter to Mr. Austin, registrar of the United States Land Office at Independence, and husband of Mrs. Mary Austin, the novelist, and presumably it was on this incident that Mrs. Austin founded her fairy tale. Instead of accepting Mr. Eaton's report, Mr. Lippincott delegated one of the service's engineers, Mr. Clauson, to investigate.

Untrue and Unfair.

As a matter of fact all the records of the Reclamation Service are public property, and Mr. Lippincott could not have been justly criticized if he had consented to give the reports of the government's investigations of Owens River Valley to the water commissioners. But he positively refused to give out the records or any other information on this subject, until he had the sanction of Mr. Newell, the Chief Hydrographer, and head of his department. In November, 1904, Mr. Newell handed over the records to City Attorney Mathews, Mr. Mulholland and Mr. Eaton. Obviously, Mrs. Austin's arraignment of the supervising engineer is as untrue as it is unfair.

Mr. Newell Confirms.

As a confirmation of Mr. Lippincott's view of the Owens River Valley I notice an article by Mr. F. H. Newell, chief engineer of the U. S. Reclamation Service, in the current number of "Forestry and Irrigation," in which he says, "With this large mass of information at hand" (investigations of the Hydrographic Department for the last seventeen years) "supplemented by further studies, the Reclamation Service has endeavored to pick out the localities where the largest results might be obtained and the public most benefited. It so happens that the conditions were most favorable on the extreme north and south. The Colorado River, the largest stream of the arid region, was first considered. Maps were made of the irrigable land in the valleys along its course and full consideration taken of the opportunities presented. As a result, the so-called Yuma project was first worked out and presented for approval of the Secretary of the Interior. In the far

north, and lying partly in Oregon, is the Klamath project, where there is also an abundance of water and a vast extent of arid land. Here, also, the conditions seemed most favorable for producing prompt results, and in turn the Secretary of the Interior has conditionally approved construction."

"Somewhat Uncertain Water Supply."

Of Owens Valley, Mr. Newell says—and one part of his statement is disconcerting: "At about the center of the State and east of the great mountain range, there was found to be, in the Owens Valley, an excellent body of irrigable land with a somewhat uncertain water supply. Here also, there appeared to be an opportunity for successful reclamation and efforts have been concentrated on ascertaining the available supply preliminary to considering construction."

To Buy the Whole Valley.

As far as I can make out, the city will have to acquire considerably more land and water rights in the Owens Valley than those already under option. From present sources nobody seems to claim now that more than 15,000 inches will be available at the best, and at certain seasons of the year the city would be fortunate to get 10,000 inches. Some experts have already expressed their belief that it will be advisable for Los Angeles to purchase the entire valley. The Owens Valley people, or some of them, say that this would cost Los Angeles eight millions and a half. Considering that the entire valley is only assessed for two million dollars, it is remarkable how the interest of Los Angeles in the valley has increased values in so brief a time!

Sermon by 'Phone.

One of the Rev. Baker P. Lee's commendable innovations at Christ Church is the employment of the phonograph and the telephone by which means he can preach to a considerably larger audience than that within the walls of his church. The innovation must be very popular, for last Sunday morning I tried to "get" Christ Church and from the recesses of a comfortable arm-chair with plenty of tobacco at my side enjoy Mr. Lee's exhortation, but to my disappointment I was informed that the Christ Church wire was already carrying all the burden it could and would not submit to further strain. Of course the rector's idea was to accommodate invalids and not lazy individuals like myself who have no excuse for not going to church. It is possible that Mr. Lee has censored the list of his 'phone congregation and has determined to cut off any able-bodied parishioners. A few Sundays ago I listened to almost the entire service and could hear every word from responses and sermon to the last note of the recessional with easy distinctness.

De Longpré's Latest.

If my good friend, Paul de Longpré, keeps up his present burst of musical composition, and maintains such a very unusual record of success for an amateur, his title of Roi des Fleurs will soon be side-tracked for L'Empereur de Musique, although I'm not sure that the latter is the best French. De Longpré only composes in his odd moments of leisure, which is something that this busy and versatile artist seldom permits himself. During the last week two of his compositions were produced at Venice by the Arend band and their popular success was

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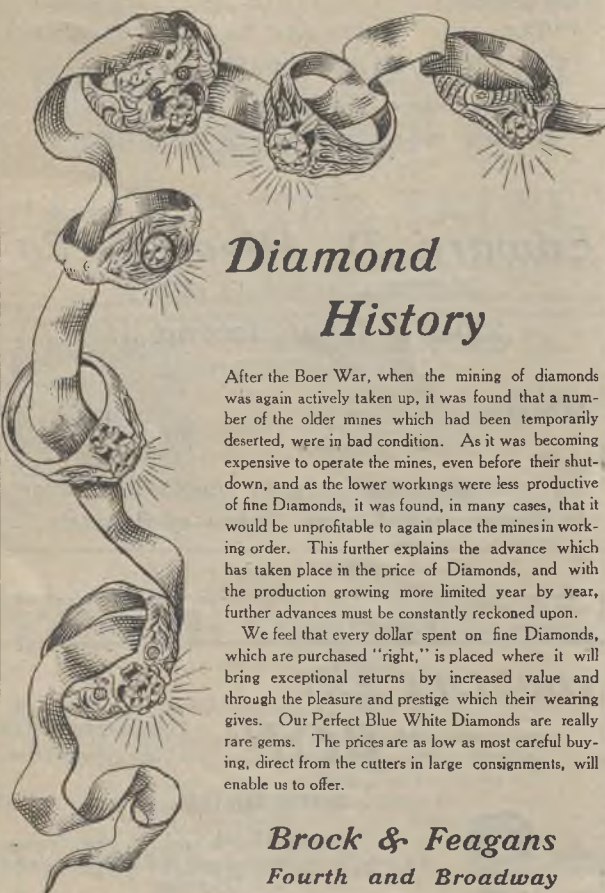
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immediate and complete. The two compositions are of an entirely different character; the one, "Up San Juan Hill," spirited and martial, with a grand climax, finely elaborated by Mr. Arend, and the other a quick pastoral, "Tic-Tac of the Mill." The third rendition of "Up San Juan Hill" was given on Sunday night before an audience of over two thousand people. It was received with spontaneous enthusiasm and when the artist-composer was recognized in the audience he was given such an ovation that he had to get on his feet and show yet another example of his versatility—by making an eloquent speech in English. De Longpré is very modest over his triumph. He says: "Of course it is beyond all my dreams but it is an immense incentive for me to go on and do always better and better." The San Juan Hill composition is dedicated to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

Local Composers.

Very properly Los Angeles is coming to the front as the abiding place of artistic people, and among these are a number of musical composers. Nowadays it is not considered necessary to be equipped by years of study of harmony and counterpoint to enter the lists of composers. You must be a musician to be able to score a composition, but there are musicians who take the melodies—the mere skeletons—of amateurs and clothe them with the flesh and blood of harmonious chords. Mr. Martens supplies many of these harmonies "ready-to-wear" and sometimes the "composers" give him the credit of acknowledging his indispensable services. The real musician thinks in chords not in the single notes of a melody, and will illustrate this to you by telling you that any other process is just as incomplete as reading single to me, unversed layman that I am, that the primary inspiration must be a melody, certainly for the less pretentious style of composition. Thereafter, supplying the harmony is, surely, to a certain extent mechanical for the potentialities of such skill are limited. While we boast not a few of the real composers such as Frederick Stevenson, Louis Gottschalk, Mason, Mrs. W. F. Botsford and others, there are a number of others whose names may be made famous by their songs. Mrs. Oliver P. Posey's "Katie Dear" has been made a feature by the Venice Band. Mrs. John J. Byrne, who is a very talented pianist, has written several clever songs. Domenico Russo should certainly be induced to publish his Sicilian Barcarolle with which he has charmed many listeners. Among the latest additions to the ranks of local composers I may mention Manuel Loewenstein, whose love for music and the drama is only equalled by his devotion to baseball and a good cigar. "Mannie" has just turned out words and music of a very "catchy" and tuneful Irish ballad "Maggie McCroy" which I had the pleasure of perusing this week. I miss my guess if Mannie's "Maggie" does not score a great popular success.

To Banquet Judge Trask.

The local Knights of Pythias are preparing to honor the most distinguished of their local brotherhood next month with a brilliant banquet. I refer to Judge Trask who has held the highest possible honors that the order in this State can confer on him. The banquet, I understand, is to be given in a private residence on Boyle Heights in which, however, 150 guests can be accommodated. An unusually strong

list of speakers is being prepared and among the distinguished visitors who have been invited from San Francisco are Sam Shortridge and D. M. Delmas, certainly two of the prize spell-binders of the State.

Kelly's Investigation.

Allen Kelly, formerly city editor of the Times, sails this week with his wife and little son for Auckland, New Zealand. He will devote the next four months to a study of conditions in Australasia, particularly in regard to what is called "state socialism" or the paternal form of government. This system obtains to a larger degree in these British colonies. Mr. Kelly goes to the Antipodes as the special commissioner of the Los Angeles Times. I only hope that the Times will publish exactly what Mr. Kelly sends to Los Angeles, without editing or annotations to suit the fixed beliefs of the owners of the paper. If Mr. Kelly is left to his own devices, he will undoubtedly give a fair and unprejudiced report of conditions as they are. If the Times which has already expressed its loathing of municipal ownership and kindred schemes of government, impresses its finger of prejudice on Mr. Kelly's copy, the value of his investigations, except as ex parte documents, will be destroyed. While in New Zealand Mr. Kelly will undoubtedly investigate the system of government insurance, by which a man can insure his life for one-half the premium charged by the American companies. The investment is of course as safe as the government itself, and the reason for the cheapness of the insurance is that there are no expenses of maintaining solicitors or advertising. You simply go to the government office and insure your life just as you would buy postage stamps. I hope that Mr. Kelly's trip will be of great benefit to his health which had somewhat run down during his residence in the East; so much so that he had nearly lost his voice. By the way, there is one man who will breathe more freely now that Allen Kelly is out of town. That is John M. Glass, who is again an aspirant—and in my opinion a worthy one—for the office of chief of police.

Unfair and Valueless.

In an official report from the City Chemist a few days ago it was stated that "a certain" distilled water and a "a certain" tomato catsup came under the ban of the pure food law. This seems to me both to lack the courage of the city chemist's convictions and to be grossly unfair to other manufacturers of distilled water and tomato catsup, who have on the market goods with which the city chemist can find no possible fault. Under such guise the city chemist's report is absolutely valueless.

Laverty, Business Manager.

The Herald, I am glad to hear, has at last a business manager who is, or may be, a business manager. That paper has been peculiarly unfortunate in the past by reason of a long succession of incompetent men in that most important position. Of course Harry Chandler is the real business manager of the Herald, but he cannot be expected to attend to the details of the business. By a move made this week S. H. Laverty has been promoted from the foremanship of the composing room to the business managership. Mr. Laverty should make the Herald show a less deficit than any of his predecessors. He knows the newspaper business in all of its branches. His

"Dependable Furniture at a Cash Price"

Our Drapery Department

You cannot find a more thoroughly equipped drapery department on the coast and you will not find many better in the United States.

In refitting our immense drapery department we were very careful to secure only such fittings as we knew were the very best.

We were just as careful in selecting our large stock and are now in position to supply your every want in the drapery line. Third floor. Take elevator — — — — —

NILES PEASE FURNITURE CO.

439-441-443 South Spring Street
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"Cafe Bristol"



The most elegant and best appointed
Restaurant west of New York City

Kitchen a Marvel of Neatness and Convenience

CUISINE UNEXCELLED

Service the best obtainable

Special Dining Room for Ladies and Gentlemen.

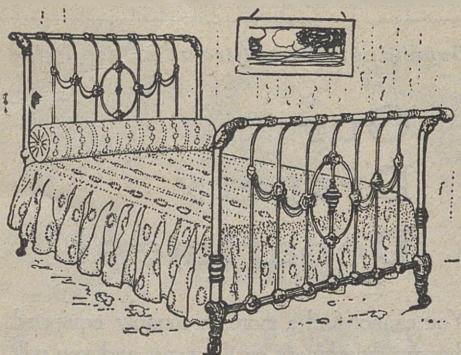
Banquet Rooms for all occasion

Schneider & Fieber

Proprietors

H. W. Hellman Building

Wieland Beer on Draught a Specialty.



BRASS AND ENAMELED IRON BEDS

Among the late styles in this line we call particular attention to the handsome Polet finish in dull brass effect and to the many beautiful productions in colonial and modern styles, many of which we have just recently received. Also to new patterns in cream and varied colored enameled beds with the genuine Adlake baked-on finish. A representative line, sure to please the critical buyer.

*The Most Perfectly Appointed Furniture
Establishment in America.*

**Los Angeles
Furniture Company**

631-33-35 SOUTH SPRING ST.

On west side of Spring, midway between 6th and 7th Sts.

Make Life Worth Living

This is an age of improvement in the conduct of domestic affairs and anything that will lighten the burden of household duties is eagerly sought by thoughtful people.

One of the greatest

Care Removers

is the

Gas Range

No one who has cooked with gas ever thinks of changing.

Gas Ranges For Sale by all Dealers.

energy and his honesty are rare qualifications in such a position. I had the pleasure of working side by side with "Harry" Laverty (as he is generally known) for ten years. I know him to be a man of executive ability as well as of industry and moreover he is a rare good fellow to boot. There are no frills and no four-flushing about Laverty, but he will be heard from.

Gillilan Goes Forward.

Although Strickland W. Gillilan has been away from Los Angeles for about two years, the admirable column that he conducted in the Herald is still green and grateful in the memory of thousands of newspaper readers. While here he established a record as a platform entertainer that was equally as good. The soldiers at Sawtelle, the inmates of the Hollenbeck home, the attendants at Chautauqua all remember the homely, kindly face, the humorously plaintive manner, the clean flow of wit and wisdom of the man. Millions have read his "Off again, on again, gone again, Finnegan." When Gillilan left California, it was to conduct a similar department for the Baltimore American. He was to fill "Josh Wink's" shoes; he has more than filled them. But Gillilan is going to leave the daily grind of newspaper existence—he is to be permanently on the platform. Not only this but he has established a market for his quaint writings—syndicates are buying them and even the Times is publishing them.

Gillilan's Contract.

After being tried out on the platform in the Middle West and farther East, Gillilan has signed a contract with the Slayton Bureau of Chicago by which he will be kept exceedingly busy. This contract guarantees him fifty winter dates for the coming winter, seventy-five dates for the winter to follow and one hundred dates for the third winter. These numbers are the minimum. He is also to do Chautauqua work during each summer but no stipulated number of dates is specified. The way his contract is working is interesting. In the summer just closed he had twenty-one Chautauqua dates. Instead of fifty evenings during the coming winter he already has booked nearly eighty and Chautauqua engagements for next summer are already coming in on the strength of the swath he cut last summer. I understand that Gillilan will shortly remove from Baltimore to Chicago, making the Windy City his headquarters. No matter where he may go he will always carry with him the good will—aye the love that one man can feel for another—of the scores of his former associates, the hundreds of his friends in and around Los Angeles.

Lobsters came in again this week, and I do not know a better lunch for a busy man who uses his brain than a half broiled lobster—especially if you eat it at the Bristol. Let me give you a tip, too, if your time is precious. It takes twenty minutes to broil a lobster. Now you can telephone to the Bristol and your lobster will be ready for you when you arrive. You hear less complaint of the service at the Bristol than at any restaurant in town. The waiters are rapid and are courteous—moreover, there are plenty of them. Messrs. Schneider & Fieber know their business and are giving their patrons what they promised—a first class restaurant.

Ach! Louis!

Ach! der Louis Vetter is home. Gesundheit, Louis! I met him at the train on Tuesday. There were four reporters, as many photographers from the dailies, expecting Governor Folk of Missouri to arrive. Louis stepped from the car platform with great dignity, and looked as if he were about to commence "Fellow citizens, I assure you, etc.," when he was asked if Folk was on the train. But with no josh, few men have been more sincerely missed while away than has Louis, and none could be more warmly welcomed home. Will he run for Mayor next year? I hardly think so, for if he wears the English clothes and Paris gloves that he has brought with him, I fear that "the push" will once more refuse to stand for him. When Louis was in politics he had not become an aristocrat. He is rich now, and "in society," which is a corking good thing for society.

By Any Other Name.

Paul England, the singer, has a hard time with his name. I noticed that in the Examiner he was recently styled Mr. "English," and I heard him introduced out in the west end lately by a charming but not too brilliant woman as Mr. "London," which was a call of the wild imagination.

Behymer Gives a Party.

Len Behymer has issued cards for a "Where Are We At?" at his home, 623 Carondolet street, on Friday evening. "Bee" very considerably has the legend on his cards, "Bring your trouble with you, tuning fork and voice, with malice toward none."

I was at the Angelus Grill last Monday evening and the Loomis brothers certainly had the best crowd of the season after the May Irwin performance was over. So great was the crush that I noticed several parties for whom no place could be found. I advise those who will attend the Wilton Lackaye performance at the Mason next Monday evening to telephone ahead of time for their tables. The Loomis brothers are formulating plans for the special accommodation of theater parties this winter and before many days will be able to state definitely what they will do. It is possible that the first floor dining room will be thrown open on Monday evenings.

While Thomas F. Ryan is busily engaged in re-organizing the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York, his brother and family are spending a vacation in Southern California. The party, which is quartered at the Angelus consists of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Ryan, Mrs. J. J. Eakins, W. K. Ryan, Jr., and T. F. Ryan, Jr. Another family by the same name, but no relation is also at the Angelus—Mrs. W. P. Ryan and Miss Alice Ryan of Denver. Mr. W. P. Ryan, who is a leading banker of Denver, was here for a few days but has returned to the mountain metropolis.

Leon Blum, a leading banker and cotton factor of Galveston, and his daughter, Miss Mabel Blum, are guests at the Angelus.

Will pay six months' rent in advance for nicely furnished seven or eight room house within fifteen minutes car ride of Fourth and Spring streets. Address "L. G. S.," **Graphic** office. ***

MANY BEERS ARE GOOD BUT

MALTO BEER

IS PERFECT

WE HAVE DIRECTED OUR ENERGIES TOWARD PRODUCING A LIGHT CLEAN BEER, AND THE "MALTO" IS THE FINISHED PRODUCT . . .

\$10,000.00 GUARANTEE
THAT MALTO IS MADE FROM THE CHOICEST MALT AND HOPS ONLY

Los Angeles Brewing Co.,

EAST MAIN STREET

Home 820

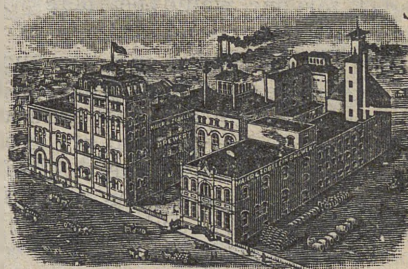
Sunset East 820

Joseph Maier
Pres. and Treas.

George Zobelein
Vice-Pres. and Sect

MAIER & ZOBELIN BREWERY
(INCORPORATED)

Home
Industry
Keeps
Money
At Home



444 Aliso St. Both Phones 91 Los Angeles

Fitzgerald, Black & Co.

Eastern Races by Wire. All tracks where Racing
is in Progress. Commissions Accepted.

121 West First Street

End of Central avenue car line

Home Phone 572 Main 572

Take Vernon Car, Second and Spring Streets

Autos and Autoists

*Edited by A. P. FLEMING
Sec. of the Auto Club of So. Cal.*

There are prospects of something new in the automobile advertisement line this fall. There was talk for a while of another endurance run, and some dealers are still advocating this, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that something new is needed.

At their meetings automobile dealers have been discussing what they should do, and something probably will be decided upon next week, when they are to meet again. There has been talk of a road race, but some agents are very much opposed to such a contest, and it is not likely that anything in this line will be attempted. One thing is certain, and that is that there will not be another Santa Barbara endurance run in a hurry. Not that the last one was not popular or a success, but that all feel that a variety is needed.

Among other places which have been mentioned as suitable for endurance runs are San Francisco, Riverside, Redlands, and a strip of coast. Why these contests? Because they are good for the trade. Didn't all of the dealers experience a decided picking up in business after the Santa Barbara run? Some dealers sold out their stock a few days after the run, and the machines that made the best scores were in great demand.

Ralph Hamlin, who is as much of an enthusiast as any one in the business when it comes to long trips, skilful driving and that sort of thing, declares that he is not in favor of holding another endurance contest this year. "There is no use of overdoing a good thing," he says. "A hill climbing contest or a race that was not too long would be a good thing, and I for one would be there with my little machine."

L. T. Shettler, who ought to know about as much of endurance runs as any one in the game in this corner of the map, says that endurance runs just now are a stale issue. "What we need now," says he, "is a hill climbing contest. The only question is the selection of a proper hill. The Elysian Park hills would be too dangerous. What we want is a road up hill that if from one half to one and one-half miles long—something that would do for a quick spurt. The race could be decided on the time each machine takes in going up. Let the different kinds of cars be classified. Have cars divided into classes as follows: autos costing from \$650 to \$1500, from

\$1500 to \$2000, from \$2000 to \$3000 and from \$3000 up. Consumption of gasoline wouldn't be reckoned."

But J. A. Rosesteel, 651 South Broadway, favors an endurance run to Riverside or Redlands. "There are enough different kinds of roads and grades between Los Angeles and either of those places," he says, "to demonstrate all the merits of a machine, which a hill climbing contest would not do as well."

H. D. Ryus, manager of the White Garage, 712 South Broadway, says: "Wait until the '06 model cars are all in and the roads are in a better condition. A rain or two would make the roads easier to negotiate. We could obtain better results by waiting a month or so before entering upon another contest of any kind."

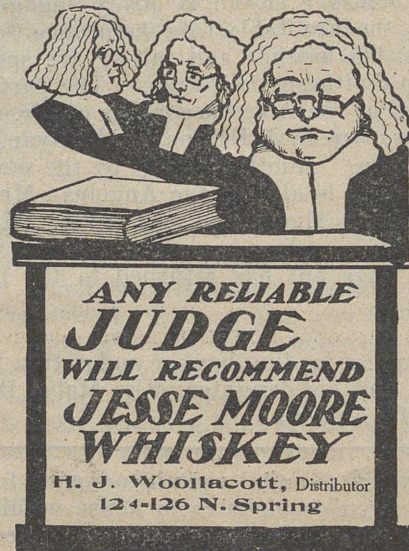
Mr. Worthington of the Worthington Garage, Fourth and Los Angeles streets, is willing to enter anything but a road race. "There's nothing in such an event," he declares. "A road race doesn't help to sell a car. It tears up a machine and the tires terribly, and someone is always liable to be killed when a lot of cars get to going over a country road at top speed. That would hurt more than anything else could hurt us. Any machine can be geared up to run fast, and a race doesn't really demonstrate the value of a machine. A machine that would go fifty miles an hour on a straightaway course would not always be what a man would want for touring the country or for business. These contests are held for the purpose of demonstrating the all-around staying qualities of a machine."

The dealers are all agreed that no harm is done by endurance runs and hill climbing contests, and it is more than probable that by the first of January, anyway, something will be started. These contests stimulate a friendly rivalry between dealers, in addition to showing the public what their machines are capable of doing, and thereby helping their business. Therefore, whatever is decided upon, the men who sell the machines may be expected to put their shoulders together and make such another success as the Santa Barbara race was.

E. Jr. Bennett reports that F. D. Haddock has taken a party in a Wayne light touring car for a two weeks' cruise through Southern California. Their particular destination is San Diego, but they will visit all points of interest in the southern part of the State.

Tourist
AUTOMOBILES—
Made in
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Sts.



Over The Teacups

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schweppe are entertaining the latter's sister and brother-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Jerome B. Thomas, who have recently returned from the Philippines where they have resided for the past five years. Dr. Thomas, who is a surgeon in the United States army, has been doing duty in Manila and is here to enjoy his first furlough since being stationed there five years ago.

At the same time Dr. and Mrs. Thomas arrived Mr. Schweppe's mother and two sisters arrived here from St. Louis for the winter. Miss Virginia Schweppe is one of the prettiest girls of the south and with their annual advent the family receives a hearty welcome from the many admirers of the southern belle. In addition to being beautiful Miss Schweppe is a devotee to out of door sports and she and her sister and mother usually spend their time here at the beach where her hours are divided between the surf and horseback riding.

Another household to be made happy by the incoming steamer from the Orient is that of the Wigmore, who are in daily anticipation of the arrival of Llewellyn Wigmore, a lieutenant in the United States army who has also been stationed at Manila. This is the first visit the young officer has made for several years, although the society columns of the daily papers have heralded his approach on more than one occasion when the rumor faded into nothing.

There will be a reunion of the Wigmore family on the arrival of the young army man as Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Wigmore, who for the past two years have made their home in Arizona are here on a visit to the latter's mother, Mrs. Theodore C. Carvell.

Miss Merita Seymour of Redondo has had as her guests for the past week the Misses May and Florence Sutton, the former resting after her somewhat lengthy journey.

The next event in which the little champion will figure is the reception to be given in her honor at the Los Angeles Country Club on Saturday afternoon, September 30.

Among the members of the club May Sutton numbers many friends, and as many admirers who have watched her career with the deepest interest. Her career, so to speak, has been but a short one, as she has but recently merged into long dresses and is not yet through the high school.

Mrs. J. W. Hendrick, who closed her town house for the summer and has since been occupying the beach cottage at Santa Monica, entertained recently at a luncheon for Mrs. Charles Bagg and her niece, Miss Anna Chapman. The affair was given as a farewell to the two guests of honor, who will leave shortly for Guam to join Mrs. Bagg's husband stationed there. Covers were laid for fourteen and the prevailing color in the artistic decorations was blue.

Although no formal announcement has been made by either family, not a few friends of Dr. Art Smith, the police surgeon, are discussing his approaching marriage to the beautiful young Miss Milligan of the Hotel Cumberland. It is understood that while no date has been set for the wedding it will occur some time in the autumn. Miss Milligan is a Titian blonde with the usual pink and white complexion accompanying locks of that peculiar shade.

The curative elements of the Relief Hot Springs are gradually restoring to health the popular young club man and golf enthusiast, Charles B. Holterhoff, who for some months past has been quite ill. At the suggestion of his physician he has spent much of his time in the mountains, and a few weeks hence may see him once more at his post.

School Shoes

The children's shoes will need much less repairing if you buy them at the Innes Shoe Co., where only thoroughly reliable shoes are sold.

It will cost you no more to buy these shoes, and the saving in repair bills will amount to considerable.

Innes Shoe Co.,

258 S. Broadway

231 W. Third St.

The Beaches We Reach



**Are Seaside Park, Long Beach,
Alamitos Bay, Bay City, Sunset,
and Huntington Beaches.**

AND AMONG THEM YOU WILL BE
SURE TO FIND JUST THE RESORT
YOU CONSIDER IDEAL.

We give you the unexampled facilities of a Great Double
Track, Standard Gauge Trolley System, with Fast, Frequent
and Luxurious Cars, to Reach Them. :: :: :: :: ::

Ask an agent or send direct for one of our
ILLUSTRATED BEACH FOLDERS

**The Pacific
Electric Railway**

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:

Does not your very heart sink within you at the mere contemplation of the delicious things that you positively can't have this season?

Now, for instance, take Blackstone's (don't I wish I could, with everything in it!). The silks they have just opened up for day and evening wear are simply marvels of beauty. Indescribable varying tints from grave to gay seem to shoot through the yielding and gentle taffetas et al. The titles of Chiffon Moiré Velour, and Chiffon Moiré Antique, high sounding as they are, don't begin to suggest the beautiful flowered and shaded silks I saw in endless abundance at the silk counter. If you ask for plaids you are plunged into a deep and lasting sorrow that you can't make up your mind which is the prettiest and neatest. One silk I saw in changeable background in every possible color had ombre coin spots with little half moons in gold dabbling all over it. The Moiré Velours are softer than a kitten's fur and twice as seductive. Blackstone's "suttlingly am great" for style and appreciation of the true beauty in tone colorings.

But, Harriet, don't you know these opening days in the millinery establishments are simply cruel. I'm not referring to the feeling of the poor ospreys whose tail-feathers are twitched out by the roots to adorn the beauteous headgear of the "eternal feminine." Nay! I mean they are cruelly beautiful for those who may only look, and walk away. Never was there a fall season that evoked such beautiful conceits as does this year of our Lord 1905!

In that dignified and exclusive establishment on the corner of Hill and Third streets owned by Messieurs and Mesdames Spier, I saw enough lovely creations to set one wondering if there could be a better and more beautiful world. Can it be more joyful to wear a heavenly crown and play a harp in "Kingdom Come," than to wear one of Spier's new hats and go to the opera? Oh, I don't know; but

some of those lovely ostrich-feathered dreams are plenty good enough for me. And another thing I ought to tell you about—as it is much more your size and price, dear girl—is the Spier Round Hat. This is their own model off their own block, a facsimile of the renowned Connelly twenty-five dollar tailor made and cannot be bought or made elsewhere. The most stunning of hats it is, I can tell you. The Spiers make them to order in any shade or material, but of course all in this cute turban shape and always for certain sure at the same price—twelve dollars! A thirty dollar importation can't make you look in any better style. They are "good form" personified, these Spier hats and as comfortable on the head as they are becoming. I saw a whole case full of Croft Hats there too. You know these swell tailor-made turbans that we always admire so much? I believe the Spiers are the only people who handle them here, and some of these nice tidy things that fit the hair and the head so daintily almost outdid my yearning for one of their beautiful dress and reception hats. While in Paris selecting these Frenchy "Chapeaux" Mr. Spier picked up a few of the most beautiful bits of lace you ever imagined. I saw two or three gowns, patterns in real lace, that simply touched my heart—more especially when a society swell came in and walked off with a stunning one! It was in appliqued Valenciennes on net and had the most effective raised flowers straggling over its trained skirt. Of course, these lace things are just a little something on the side for this establishment—things Mr. Spier simply couldn't resist and consequently are a nice snap for any purchaser, as he sells them almost at cost, I suppose as a little diversion from the more legitimate millinery.

Of course such hats, large and small, attuned to all sorts and conditions of faces and styles, call for very decided changes in the style of hairdressing from that of yonder day. Now to be "on" to the correct thing in coiffure and, indeed, in all those touches that tend to make a homely woman attractive, and an ordinary bud a "dazzling beaut" you must go to the well known Weaver-Jackson Hair Co.'s establishment at 433 South Broadway. Say, honey, you wouldn't know the place. Honestly, it has grown, developed and "swollen up" to such an extent. A friend of mine from New York told me as she was emerging with all the unwrinkled bloom of youth on her face, that in all her travels—and she has "gone" quite a good bit abroad and all over—she had never struck such perfection of comfort in every detail, as well as up-to-dateness in manicuring, hair-dressing and general "prinking" as she had found in this Weaver-Jackson establishment of Los Angeles. Mr.

New Silk Shirt Waist Suits

Showing supremely good, from any view point. Every suit is high class, embodying every good quality of the tailored-to-order kind, and yet priced low enough to be within the reach of the most economical woman. Blue, black, green and reseda shirt waist suits, \$12.50, \$13.50 and \$15.00.

Coulter Dry Goods Co.

225-227-229 SOUTH BROADWAY
224-226-228 SOUTH HILL STREET

Ye
Print
Shop



Engraving

You have the infinite satisfaction of knowing that your engraving is absolutely correct in every detail if it is done here.

FORD SMITH & LITTLE CO.,
313 South Broadway

and Mrs. Lawless—charming people they are too—and a pretty favorite yept “Sylvia” boss and own the whole outfit, and it is remarkable what a soothing air of refinement pervades the place. The long manicuring parlors run back from the business store and are fitted with the easiest of chairs and the daintiest of dressing tables. All along the sides are little apartments with lounging chairs of the most tempting description where, stretched at your ease and completely cut off from a prying world, you can have an old face made young and a grey head Titian-tinted. The boilers and steamers and dryers and—I was going to say strainers—of the latest invention you see there make you wonder all the time “what next.” Deep shining porcelain tub basins for my lady’s hair wash with a pillowed head-rest while she is being gently shampooed! Well! well! There ought not to be any ugly, freckled, spotty people left if they only knew the joys of these dim and hidden chambers. But this is all beside the mark! I was talking, or going to talk, about the latest thing in hairdressing. Now one law is absolute this season. You **must** have a Marcel Wave in soft, puffy hair, completely around the head, not stopping short at the ears as in the years before and you **must** buy a stock of dear little Alice curls to bob in and sniggle into the unfilled corners of the head-dress. With several pretty jewelled combs and a bunch of curls, a Marcel Wave and a steamed complexion, what may not a young (or old) maiden do? Without joking though, this is the little dodge that makes the well groomed head so very, very satisfying, and it is the Weaver-Jackson “waves” that look as if you had been born that way. No more straight hair, my child! Once more the gentle iron is getting in its most becoming work and—without any reference to the divorce court—I must explain to you, that from now on there is to be no more “parting.” You simply **mustn’t** part—the hair—and bob it out at the ears, as we did last season; but there—you must go and take a lesson and a rest, and a general clean-up in these most stunning new parlors given over I’m afraid entirely to “Vanitas Vanitatum.”

I saw something awfully novel in the Ville de Paris this week. I was looking over their big new display of damask table linens and napkins, lovely Irish weave in the finest patterns, and was shown at the same time the latest thing in bed spreads. You might not think there was a fashion in these things but ’tis so nevertheless. You ought to have a Satin Marseilles Spread, in any of the new art designs. Chrysanthemums, tulips or poppies—these are imported direct from “Ould Oireland” and are very beautiful, prices ranging from four and a half to fifteen dollars. But what I had in mind to tell you about was the new line of spreads for children’s cots they have just received at this same Ville. Tender things in baby blues and pinks and creams for the little wee ones and educational, interesting, story telling ones for the small boy’s cot! Robinson Crusoe, with all his troubles and trials, is depicted in thrilling pictures on a little bed spread. Now that means at least another hour’s early morning sleep for poor mother, and is a clever suggestion on the part of Monsieur Fusenot for a birthday, don’t you think? Another had the alphabet spread out in alluring form but methought it would take a truly Bostonese baby to appreciate a lonely hour or two studying that out. Oh, dear! but we Americans are wonderful people! We just hate to waste a minute that might be turned to account, don’t we? I saw a

dear little spread though with all the story of “Little Bo Peep” most beautifully woven into the fine linen. Lucky babies now-a-days!

Now don’t cry “chestnuts” on me, Harriet, if I once more revert to the millinery opening. I simply **must**, because the Boston Store is this week doing itself so proud in that way that I feel that you and an ungrateful world ought at least to hear of it. You know the metamorphosis of the third floor in Messrs. Robinson & Co.’s establishment is something quite wonderful. The amount of beveled mirror glass and finely polished mahogany that has been set up there to enhance the comfort and beauty of their millinery, and cloak, and suit departments is simply entrancing and transcendent! And ah, my dear, some of the hats are poems. They have a great many in furs with ostrich feather plumes waving over and drooping down, curling under and every old way. The newest thing in feathered trimming, I understand, is the willow ostrich which is the softest, most graceful fall of ostrich fronds, so long as to be impossible to have ever belonged to any one bird, however proud or well bred. I “gave it up,” so was kindly let into the mysteries of this long soft plume of the **realiest** real ostrich feather. Most of the newest imported hats for dress occasions at the Boston are large and flat on top—of silver or gold cloth, or plain velvet or satin, slanting saucily down to the eyes and bang up on one side. The other side of the hat is generally stuffed full of beautiful shaded plumes either of ostrich or winged affairs. This opening at the Boston under the able management of Miss Ayers, who has just returned from the old country and looks more and more stunning in each newly shaped head dress, will continue to the end of this week and ought not on any account to be missed.

By the way, more travelers have returned this week in the persons of the Misses Terrill, those excellent and artistic fashionable dressmakers, who have been in Paris for the last two months. They have brought with them a whole carload of beautiful creations and announce a display of new models at 338-340 South Hill street, October 9, 10, and 11.

Coulter’s! At good old steady Coulter’s they have some exquisite things in silks this week. Things that remind one almost of a cookery recipe. “To a yard or more of softest French messaline silk, or chiffon taffeta, add in gentle sprinklings groups of finest soft flowerlets, take a spoonful or two of half moons in Broderie Anglaise—or Dresden figures if preferred—garnish with unlimited bunches of lace, fling in a careless handful of appliqued stars, and ornaments in Valenciennes or “point,” roll into one and “serve” to the buyer of one of the very latest confections “a la toilette.” A Dresden pattern silk, that fairly enslaved me at Coulter’s was on cream ground with wide stripes of flowered satin in dear old-fashioned wall flowers and forget-me-nots. A silk for a minuet with a pretty powdered lady and Watteau figure comes into one’s immediate vision. Coulter’s have really one of the very most ample and full assortments of silks of all kinds in this city. Their plaids for shirt waists I have heretofore mentioned, my dear, and I fancy you will sooner or later be impelled to come and see for yourself. Meantime so long!

Yours affectionately,

LUCILLE.

Figuerola St., September Twenty-first.

Where Are They?

[Announcements for this column must be received at the Graphic Office, not later than 6 p. m., Wednesday of each week. No notice is taken of any announcement unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.]

Mrs. John D. Foster leaves next week for Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Flint, Jr., are at their Long Beach cottage.

Mrs. Seymour Locke of Pasadena will spend the winter at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Carter of 833 Coronado street are in New York City.

Mrs. Frank Phillips of 434 Park View avenue has returned from San Francisco.

Miss Emma Faulkner of 720 West Thirtieth street has returned from Shasta Springs.

Miss Ruth Clinkscale of 2043 West Twenty-fourth street has returned from La Jolla.

Major H. M. Russell left last Saturday to join Mrs. Russell and Miss Keating in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes have returned to 500 West Twenty-third street from Idyllwild.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Van Norden have moved into their new home at 516 Carondelet street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Underwood of 120 West Seventeenth street have returned from Portland.

Mrs. J. A. Jowett and Miss Ruth Jowett of 2678 Menlo avenue have returned from the North.

Mrs. Charles Bagg, formerly Miss Bicknell, and Miss Anna Chapman sail next Wednesday for Guam.

Capt. and Mrs. T. W. T. Richards of 1939 South Union avenue have returned from a Northern trip.

The Rev. and Mrs. Arthur S. Phelps of 1353 Westlake avenue have returned from Redwood Park.

Among recent visitors at Idyllwild have been Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bryan, the Misses Bessie and Minnie Bryan.

Mrs. Willard Stimson, Mrs. Charles F. Taggart and Mrs. George Cole are at Fairview Springs, Orange County.

Mrs. Emma A. Summers of California street is entertaining her niece, Miss Mayme Clements of Trenton, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Pirtle and the Misses Pirtle have returned to their home on Union avenue from Ocean Park.

Col. and Mrs. F. H. Seymour of The Grove, Redondo, entertained in honor of Miss May Sutton at a week-end party.

Miss Verna M. Hoke of Silver Lake, Ind., is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoke of 823 East Thirty-second street.

Mr. Charles R. Drake of 2633 Hoover street, the Misses Elizabeth and Pinta Drake and Miss Pearl Seeley, are at Elsinore Springs.

Judge and Mrs. H. E. Deemer and Miss Dorothy Deemer, who have been visiting Mrs. Harriet A. Burd at 2946 Brighton avenue, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lacey of 1109 West Ninth street are entertaining Miss Irma Gordon and Miss Willie Trow Foster of New Albany, Indiana.

The Misses Rennie and Roberta Shane of 644 South Flower street are entertaining their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Sewell and Miss Rea Sewell of Waverly, Iowa.

Waldo Norris formerly of Redondo has taken apartments at the Jonathan Club.

Mrs. Frank S. Hicks of 832 West Adams street has returned from Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Mott, Jr., of Porto Rico are the guests of Mrs. T. D. Mott of 810 South Union avenue.

Mrs. Fred C. Howes and Miss Helen Howes of 2630 Severance street have returned from Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Grant Goucher of 1237 Magnolia avenue are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. William H. Goucher of San Francisco.

Mrs. Merrick Reynolds, Miss Helen Reynolds and Mr. Merrick Reynolds, Jr., of Westlake avenue, have returned from Catalina.

Mrs. Henry Laub and daughter have returned from a European tour that lasted over a year. Mr. and Mrs. Laub and Miss Laub are at the Lankershim.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Barber have returned from Catalina. Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Borden of 2324 South Hope street have returned from their Redondo cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Albee of West Twenty-third street are in Portland; thence they go to Victoria, B. C., expecting to be absent from Los Angeles about three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Collins, (Miss Alice Hartt) who were married last week at the home of Mrs. W. P. Hunt, Normandy, Mo., are spending their honeymoon in the Ozark Mountains. They will reside in Los Angeles.


H. M. Lieb, manager of Sherwood & Sherwood, and his bride (nee Florence McCarthy of San Francisco) have been spending their honeymoon at the Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Matson Hill and Miss Jean Hill are spending a few weeks at Hotel del Coronado. Mr. Hill has returned to Chicago, and Matson Hill, Jr., accompanied his father, but will soon leave Chicago for Yale University.

The Idyllwild Bungalow will close its dining room on Tuesday, September 26, although cottages and tents furnished for housekeeping can be had all the year round. The management reports a very successful season, the business having been about twice as large as any former year. The company will build more cottages, improve the roads, double the capacity of their bowling alley, erect a lecture and entertainment hall and put in a completely equipped livery stable. The summer season will open again in June, 1906.

The following persons from Los Angeles registered at the Palace Hotel during the week just closed: Henry F. Daly, Clinton Johnson, R. D. Bronson, Harry Chandler, de Putron Gliddon, Joseph Schoder, Edward C. Bailey, George Beebe, B. W. Smith, J. Meyer and wife, S. B. Church, G. A. Guenther, A. G. Peck, John W. Kemp, Mrs. Gail B. Johnson, A. McNally, A. L. New, W. C. Tonkin and wife, Fred Eaton, John D. Hooker, Force Parker and wife, E. Germain and wife, Mrs. L. Cabell Read, W. O. Randolph, J. A. Wood and wife, Mrs. G. R. Bentel, G. J. Baker and wife, S. Green and wife, A. W. Forrester and wife, G. S. Peck, Mrs. L. Nand and daughter, L. Nand, Mrs. J. R. Moore, Ed. G. Waldron, Nellie Sheldon, H. H. Hill and mother.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, during the past week were: Los Angeles—L. C. Brand and wife, Miss Gaidner, R. H. Herron, E. M. Hills, Josef Rubo and wife, E. F. Graves, F. P. Corson, Chas. Monroe, R. S. Masson, C. E. Van Loan, E. D. Moore, J. W. Brooks, Mrs. F. W. Westmeyer, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Christopher, Miss Ruth M. Stearns, Bessie S. Reasner, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Sibbald, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Burck, R. H. Ranshael, F. G. Schumacher, Mrs. S. E. Maynard, J. B. Vaile, H. W. Lewis, O. O. Roller and wife, L. Lindsay, wife and daughter, Mrs. C. I. Roberts, Miss Roberts, J. G. Mossin, A. C. Balch, Mr.



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Receptions, Etc.

September 15.—Mr. and Mrs. Max N. Newmark, 1051 South Grand avenue; silver wedding anniversary party at Woman's Club House.

September 15.—Miss Elizabeth A. Gregory, 1083 West Thirty-sixth street; for Miss Eudora Clark and Mr. Rodbey B. Clark of McPherson, Kan.

September 15.—Mrs. Susie Chaffey, 1729 West Twenty-fifth street; for Mrs. W. C. Crawford of Sydney, Australia.

September 16.—Mr. and Mrs. Alfonso Bell, Bell Station; lawn fête.

September 17.—The Misses Foy, San Rafael Ranch; for Mr. Arthur Farwell.

September 19.—The Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Adkinson, 2115 West Twentieth street; for Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Adkinson.

September 19.—Southgate Chapter, O. E. S.; card party at Southgate hall.

September 19.—Dr. F. T. Bicknell, 419 N. Broadway; for Miss Bessie Entwistle Hinton.

September 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lecouvreur, 845 South Union avenue; dinner for Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Mott, Jr.

September 19.—Mrs. J. W. Hendrick, Santa Monica; luncheon for Mrs. Charles Bagg and Miss Anna Chapman.

September 20.—Mr. and Mrs. Robert K. Wilson, 441 Lake street; whist party for Mrs. W. C. Crawford.

September 20.—Mrs. F. Todd, 1245 East Twentieth street; for Poppy Whist Club.

September 20.—Mrs. Pliny F. Munger; theater party for Miss Bessie Entwistle Hinton.

September 20.—Mrs. A. C. Stilson, 2340 Thompson street; for Mrs. L. Gouverneur Morris of St. John's Rectory.

September 21.—Miss Mary Holmes, 1118 South Grand avenue; card party for Mrs. W. C. Crawford.

September 21.—Miss Ethel Shrader, Hollywood; theater party for Miss Chase.

September 21.—Mrs. W. T. Neighbors, 1315 West Ninth street; whist party at Burlank Hall for Sunshine Society.

September 22.—Miss Flora Wal's, 208 South Pico street; for Sigma Delta Club.

September 22.—Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Behymer, 623 South Carondelet street; "Where Are We At" party

Anastasia's Date Book

September 30.—Mrs. Henderson Hayward, 2501 Wilshire boulevard; for Mrs. A. L. Danskin and Mrs. Frank P. Flint.

October 4.—Miss Grace Adele Freebey; farewell concert.

Recent Weddings

September 14.—Miss Alice Hartt to Mr. Herbert E. Collins, at the home of Mrs. W. P. Hunt, Normandy, Mo.

September 17.—Miss Alice F. Kutz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kutz, to Mr. George D. Taylor of Riverside.

September 19.—Miss Anna Elizabeth Maurer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Maurer of 650 West Thirty-fifth street, to Mr. Charles Holmes Scott, in the University M. E. Church.

Dr. E. Ellsworth Bartram

DENTIST

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Second and Spring
Los Angeles

Home 5825
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September 20.—Miss Pansy Haven to Mr. John Paul Pitner, at 1664 Benton boulevard.

September 20.—Miss Maude Little, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Little, of 928 South Burlington avenue, to Mr. Clyde J. Smith.

Approaching Weddings

September 25.—Miss Amie Langworthy, daughter of Mrs. Augusta Cox Langworthy, to Mr. Edgar Alonzo Henry.

September 27.—Miss Marian Frances Palmer, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frank M. Palmer of Redondo, to Mr. Frank L. Perry.

September 28.—Miss Mabel Cronkhite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Cronkhite of 3041 West Sixth street, to Mr. B. H. Miller of Buffalo, N. Y., in the First Baptist Church.

October 3.—Miss Marie Louise Eager, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Eager, to Mr. Charles B. Bergin in St. Vibiana's Cathedral.

October 4.—Miss Bessie Entwistle Hinton to Mr. George E. Munger, at 1033 West Seventh street.

October 4.—Miss Alice M. Stribling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stribling of 2529 East First street, to Mr. Harry G. Elliott in the Boyle Heights Presbyterian Church.

October 9.—Miss Stella Blanchard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Blanchard to Mr. Elmer Dodd Cowan in the Boyle Heights Presbyterian Church.

October 11.—Miss Clara Louise Garbutt to Mr. George Turner in the University Methodist Church.

October 11.—Miss Lillian Harris, daughter of Mrs. Elida Harris, to Mr. Robert H. Adams, in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral.

October 25.—Miss Bessie Rowntree, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Rowntree of 331 Loma Drive, to Mr. Willard Arnott.

Engagements.

Miss Louie Walter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Walter of West Jefferson street, to Mr. J. L. Van Norman.

Miss Leah Corinne Merchant, daughter of Mrs. L. A. Merchant of Long Beach, to Dr. H. G. Brown of Long Beach.



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On the Stage and Off



Scene From "The Pit."

"Rollicking" is perhaps hardly a felicitous adjective to apply to a lady of May Irwin's width and weight. Yet I cannot summon an apter epithet in a vain attempt to do any kind of justice to Miss Irwin's perpetual motion humor. She not only brims over with fun but fairly quivers with it in her generous fashion. Like Schumann-Heink who declared that with each baby—she has a round dozen of them—she added a new note to her wonderful voice, so May Irwin with each inch added to her bounteous waist-line enriches her store of humor.

Miss Irwin supplies another marked instance of the importance and the value of supplying plays for actresses of mature experience, a subject to which I referred during Madge Carr Cook's visit here as "Mrs. Wiggs." May Irwin can never grow old with her inexhaustibly young and good spirits, and she has only to "play herself" to delight any audience. Therefore the subject and nature of her plays do not much matter. If they were of consequence, "Dinkelspiel" Hobart's "Mrs. Black is Back" would not be the winner it is. The fact of the matter is that the real playwrights have not yet turned their attention to making plays for "mature" actresses.

"Mrs. Black is Back," however, serves its purpose, which means that it gives us plenty of May Irwin—and there is plenty of her. Her coon songs are just as inimitable as ever, that wonderful mouth of hers being a little wider and still more expressive than of yore.

Miss Irwin "is supported" by a fairly good company, though as a matter of fact in more ways than one she supports the company. A particularly good piece of acting is done by Jane Burby in the difficult business of providing a foil for Miss Irwin's incessant raillery as Mrs. Black's sister. Roland Carter also sticks closely to his business as Mrs. Black's inferior half. Other quite notable though brief performances are those of John E. Hazzard as "Uncle Larry," Victor Casmore's Don Pedro and Louis Foley's impersonation of a bulky and slangy "physical culturist."

The town has been splitting its sides with laughter during May Irwin's visit and we are all the better for her bounteous and wholesome fun.

Tom Oberle has received another warrant of banishment from his physicians. To save his throat and his life he must return to the dusty plains of Arizona and after another three weeks the Belasco theater will know him no more—at least, until his health is fully restored, for which happy result we shall fervently pray. A rare good actor and a rare good fellow is Los Angeles's verdict on Tom Oberle. During his two years' residence here he has made hosts of friends before and behind the footlights and his departure will mean a real and personal loss to hundreds who have never known him except in the actor's garb. Manager Blackwood tells me that he is arranging the best and the biggest benefit for "Tom" that Los Angeles has ever known, and most assuredly we shall all put our shoulders to the wheel to make it just that—something that Oberle shall ever have cause to remember. The date will probably be Tuesday, October 10, in the afternoon, and there will be quite unusual attractions. Lillian Burkhart, who is returning to the stage next month, is trying to arrange to appear in a sketch with those two excellent comedians, George Barnum and Dick Vivian. There will, of course, be all the assistance needed from the other theaters, and Max Heinrich will come up from La Jolla especially to sing. Every friend and admirer of Tom Oberle should promptly constitute him or herself a committee of one to work for a "bumper" benefit.

These extra special matinees are giving the dramatic critics plenty to do and to spare. I spent an hour at the Burbank Wednesday afternoon enjoying Ellis Glickman's excellent reading and acting in Strinsky's drama "Kol Nidrey" which recounts the struggles of the faithful against Spanish inquisition. "Kol Nidrey," which I believe means, "We have sinned and repent our transgression" was the password of the Jews to their secret worship. The play is a peculiar conglomeration of impressive tragedy and of incidental comedy, which is merged even into the "song and dance" business. Glickman is a fine actor with impressive presence and admirable delivery. Miss Clara Raffalo as the head inquisitor's daughter and devoted child of the ancient congregation does very earnest work. David Schoenholtz and Eva Katz are a lively pair of "juveniles," the former convulsing with humor a large audience on Wednesday afternoon. Latiner's "Gabriel" was given yesterday and this afternoon's bill is a Jewish rendition of "King Lear." "Kol-Nidrey" was given by the Yiddish players in, for the most part, easily intelligible German, but the comedians were too rapid for me.

The other "extra special" matinee this week was occasioned by the visit of Oscar Dane, a promising young actor, at the Belasco. Mr. Dane presented a one-act comedy of his own "Ye Golden Past" and also his own version of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Mr. Dane also "presented" his own company of players. His own performance was interesting and of quite distinct promise.

John W. Burton's return to the Burbank has been hailed with much joy by Mr. Morosco's patrons. He is deservedly popular and assumes Ezra Kendall's "Vinegar Buyer" stove-pipe hat and coat with much unction and more humor. If May Irwin has not entirely exhausted your capacity for laughter, you can certainly laugh some more—and then some—at the Burbank this week.

The Belasco contribution to the gayety of the town this week is Edward Milton Royle's four act play entitled "Friends." Edward Milton compiled this effusion for himself, playing one of the "friends" and naturally gave himself the best lines. He used to be assisted by his wife as Marguerite Otto and by Lucius Henderson, a pianist of considerable skill, who also posed as an actor. The play is a pot-pourri in which "Our Boys," "Called Back" and a piano virtuoso form the staple ingredients. The piece has been seen a number of times here, but the Belasco production suffers nothing from comparison. Galbraith and Vivian, arcades ambo, impart to the action that lightness of touch indispensable to comedy effects and are even funny when they try to be serious. Juliet Crosby sparkles elegantly, but her reading of Miss Spaulding's pretty poem "Fate" was dragged into the scene so abruptly and unexpectedly on the opening night that it did not win the applause it really deserved. Howard Scott, whose return to the company was warmly welcomed, does a clever character as Marguerite's besotted parent, and one of the most wholesome "bits" in the play is the little Blanchard girl as the landlady's daughter. Yerrance is fitted glove-fashion with the part of Galbraith's father and he makes the most of it. Oberle is the conventional bad man who gives a certain sauce piquante to the action. The "Fate" poem has such intrinsic value that I append it:

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side that, should one turn
Ever so little space to right or left,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and that is Fate!

Of "Beauty and the Barge," of which Nat Goodwin expressed to me great hopes some weeks ago, the Dramatic Mirror says: "It is distressing to find in a play caricatures far more human than the ordinary folks; impossible scenes far more natural than commonplace incidents. That is one of the painful features of 'The Beauty and the Barge': the un-



ROSE STAHL at the Orpheum

intentional reversal of things. But the piece is not a play. They try to save that allegation by calling it a farce, and thereby misname it, for it is not preposterous enough to be funny. And it is not human enough to be comedy. It is simply impossible. Remembering its success in England, one wonders if English people were so dull as to find humor in such a thing, or if Americans are too dense to appreciate its subtlety. It may be that Cyril Maude saved it in London, as Nat C. Goodwin may save it here, if there be salvation for it."

Wilton Lackaye and the late Joseph Jefferson were great friends. Mr. Lackaye tells this anecdote:

"Personally, I do not believe in the curtain call, although one has to bow to precedent. Either your speech is hopelessly bad, in which case you destroy whatever good impression you may have made, or it is of the canned variety, one you keep with you, take out, dress a little and offer again and again.

"Of the two I think the canned speech is a little more hopeless than the other. In various conversations I had with Jefferson he seemed to incline to the canned sort. His reason was that you got used to it; it was no effort to bring it forward; you could edit it; add a little here and subtract a bit there.

"One night we were playing at Northampton, Mass., and had a large and enthusiastic audience,

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The Triumphant Success **Wilton Lackaye**

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Adapted from Frank Norris's Famous Novel by
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MODERN VAUDEVILLE

Week Commencing Monday, Sept. 25

Miss Rose Stahl & Co. in "The Chorus Lady"
by James Forbes; Francis Gerard, the Modern
Hercules; Quinlan & Mack, "Just Fun"; Brown
& Brown, Cartoonist and Singer; Howard &
North, "Those Happy Days"; Avon Comedy
Four, "The New Teacher"; Mr. and Mrs.
John Allison, "Minnie from Minnesota"; Or-
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Prices as Usual 10, 25, 50c. Matinees Wed., Sat. and Sun.

Grand Opera House

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Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, Sept. 24

"York State Folks"

Direction W. C. Cunningham

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American Pure and Simple.

Matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday, 10, 25c.
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many from Smith College near by. Jefferson was called upon to make a speech, and went forward. He said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I am very glad to see you here tonight. I am glad that you are enjoying yourselves, and I know you will be pleased to learn that we, too, we back of the curtain, enjoy ourselves, too, in the thought that you are here and that you are enjoying yourselves here tonight."

"You see, he had the traditional speech. Then he ended up:

"When I look over the footlights and see all your bright and interested faces I feel as if I would like to lean over and shake hands with every one."

"At the close he made a bow to most uproarious applause.

"When he came off I was standing in the wings. He poked me gleefully in the ribs and said:

"Well, Mr. Critic, what do you think of that? Nothing the matter with that, hey?"

"I did not care for it, Mr. Jefferson," I said slowly and distinctly.

"Oh, you did not care for it, Mr. Critic; why did you not care for it?"—all the time poking me.

"If you remember, Mr. Jefferson, you said that when you looked over the footlights and saw all those interested faces you felt as if you would like to lean over and shake hands with every one. Now, I defy even you to shake hands with a face. John Drew has the only face I could ever imagine shaking hands with, and he might object."

"Did I say that?" asked Jefferson. "You don't mean it." Then he thought for a moment. "Lackaye, old boy, I've been making that speech now for thirty years and this is actually the first time I have ever been called down."

"Did it make any difference? Not a bit. The next town we played in, Jefferson made the same speech and in the same inimitable manner would like to shake hands with every face, and not a voice was raised in protest."

Trusty Tips To Playgoers

Mason—Wilton Lackaye will be here all next week in Wm. A. Brady's great production of "The Pit." The play is Channing Pollock's adaptation of Frank Norris's famous novel, and it is credited with being one of the greatest successes the stage has known for years. Mr. Lackaye will be supported by the original company, and three hundred people will appear in the "panic" scene. "The Pit" will undoubtedly stand as Frank Norris's masterwork. While an integral member of his Trilogy, it is an independent novel, complete in itself, with a most interesting plot developed by means of incidents and amid situations transcribed from actual life in Chicago, a life which the author had studied with consummate care and which he seemed to understand thoroughly. While the chief value of the play will be found in its truthful pictures of the business world of today, it embodies also a romance of tender interest, original in motive, and wrought out with charming suggestions of the evolution of character under the influence of prevailing fashions in marital affairs, of fortune and of misfortune, and finally of real, true love. "The Pit" will run all week excepting Wednesday matinee when "Trilby" will be revived by request for one performance only.

Morosco's Burbank—The return of Henry Stock-

bridge will be fittingly celebrated by a magnificent production of Bronson Howard's masterpiece "The Henrietta" in which Mr. Stockbridge will be seen as "Bertie—the Lamb." Special scenery is being constructed, new and up-to-date music has been arranged and the rank and file of favorites will be happily cast. There will be put two matinees Sunday and Saturday.

Belasco's—Haddon Chambers's fairly cheery comedy "The Tyranny of Tears," produced here by John Drew and Isabel Irving some half dozen years ago, will be the bill next week. It should provide a good opportunity for Galbraith and Miss Crosby.

Orpheum—Rose Stahl and company presenting "The Chorus Lady," a comedy of stage life by James Forbes, will be the headline attraction next week. Miss Stahl will give us an insight into the life behind the scenes. Francis Gerard, Sandow's only rival, will show what can be done in the way of muscular development. Quinlan and Mack, two talking comedians, will give their idea of "Just Fun." Frank and Harry Brown, two Indian boys, will entertain with singing and cartoon work. Nina Morris and company in "A Friend's Advice," Howard and North with their inimitable "Those Were Happy Days," the Avon Comedy Four in "The New Teacher," Mr. and Mrs. John Allison in "Minnie From Minnesota" and new motion pictures complete the show.

Grand—"York State Folks," one of the most popular successes of last year, returns to open the regular season next week. It is a pretty and pure pastoral play, and the characters are all types which everyone recognizes, if not 'way back East, somewhere else. The village dictator, the organ builder, the horse trader, the village lovers and all the other people that bring back memories of other times, are seen as they really exist.

Stars et al.

Louis James is starring in "Virginius," "Richelieu" and "Ingomar."

Eva Tanguay, formerly Frank Daniels's leading woman, is being starred in "The Sambo Girl."

Professor Brander Mathews, the distinguished critic and author of numerous plays, and George Arliss, the original Zakkuri in "The Darling of the Gods" and Raoul in "Leah Kleschna," have collaborated on a play. The title is "The End of the Game." The leading character is a masterful man like Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Arliss hopes to arrange for a London production of the play before he returns to New York in October.

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TONIGHT AND TOMORROW NIGHT LAST TWO TIMES

The Belasco Theater Stock Co.

Edwin Milton Royle's Comedy Drama

"Friends"

Next Week: Commencing Monday Night, Sept. 25

John Drew's Comedy Triumph

"The Tyranny of Tears"

Seats Now On Sale. Prices: Every night, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Matinees Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, 25, 35, and 50c.

In the Musical World

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

He probaly lied. Burning with desire for the notoriety of printer's ink; lusting for Nursery Rhyme fame as the winged David; eager to be thought the Somebody he really was not—he just up and lied about it.

Even as a kidlet I doubted that bow and arrow yarn, and now I am sure he was nothing but a cheap little braggart.

So much so that I begin to think that Darwin would have done better had he traced us back to the sparrow rather than to the monkey. Imitative we are, truly, to a degree; but commonplace braggarts, big or little, from the crown of our head to the sole of our foot.

And the pity of it is that so much of our bluffing can find no shadow of excuse other than the vicious vanity which pines for a celebrity to which we have no atom of real claim.

One can scarce blame the poverty-stricken applicant for a job when he puts the best face on his power to do. He would be recreant to his responsibilities and his future were he to wrap the mantle of undue modesty about his capabilities.

But that men who, apparently, are otherwise fairly well clothed and, so far as we can judge, in a comparatively right mind, should be anxious to claim the "composition" of works of which they are no more the writers than I am the author of "Parsifal," or "The Dream of Gerontius," is worse than unpardonable; and we speak none too severely in insisting that sinners of this order do little more than put themselves on a par with little Johnny Sparrow who lied about his arrow.

Do you ask what harm it does? Do you say that if these "composers" like to lie about themselves it is their own lookout, and we are not our brother's keeper, anyway?

It does harm, infinite harm, in a score of ways.

It foists upon a suffering world piles of villainous trash which does naught but vitiate budding musical taste and clog the wheels of musical advancement.

It blackens and disgraces the name of American composition the world over.

It is a lie on the very face of it; and a lie, once set going, is a never failing spring of wrong-doing.

It blocks the course of numberless capable writers in that, creating a vicious taste and pandering to it continually, publishers find small room for the better works of the better men.

It breeds contempt in the minds of people who know better. How can I, or any decent folk, have any respect for the man who deliberately affixes his name to the work of another man?

It must of necessity lower personal morale and belittle a man in his own eyes when he knows he is attempting to make the world believe him to be what he is not—the author of a work which bears his name.

I make a plea for honesty in this matter. The professional musical world can no more afford to play with pretence than can the reputable men of

other professions. Professional men should scotch this thing whenever they meet with it—not so much because of the man who does it as because of hatred of the thing which he does.

And “composers” outside the professional ranks should take a more conscientious view of the unrighteousness of this weak hungering for forbidden fruit. If they think they have any underlying talent for writing let them get down to study and learn to put their thoughts into shape for themselves.

Or, failing this, if they must put their trumpery tunes into print, let them at least give full credit to the man who makes them the wishy-washy things they are.

And, while we are on the subject of giving credit, a hint might be dropped to one or two literary sinners.

This column has been accorded the distinction of frequent quotation the country over, and, as a rule, the appropriator has been ever ready to append due credit. The Musical Courier is especially generous on both these scores.

But there are other scissor-wielders who are not so scrupulous; and there is one nameless one in especial whose forgetful moments are almost too frequent for comfort. Not that we care so much for the public mention of our own name; but it worries us some-

what to think of the harm which is being constantly done to this one particular editorial conscience in passing off the thoughts of others as the emanations of his own brain.

We are, in fact, a little anxious to be this one brother's keeper in this one regard—that is, if he does mind.

And now that the churches are once again putting on their armor for the annual winter campaign against the world, the flesh and the devil—and that's no fool's job, let me tell you—now that the choir-mother has taken the necessary reefs in the much trodden cassock tails; now that the surplices are snowy with the latest and smelliest laundry chemical; now that the parsons (George, et al) have duly polished the collection plates, etc., etc., let us pray that the several choirmasters will put the ban of excommunication upon all tawdry tinsel in the way of modern sugary, sentimental trash.

I do not, by any means, think we should matinise on Bach and vespersise on Palestrina. Nor do I believe in the gospel of the old English school, with its contrapuntal exercises driving the poor old devil around the stump with so many hundred plunges of the bellows handle to each inch of his supposed anatomy.

But there is music which is good—fairly good—and music which is bad—damnably bad. And of all damnably bad music there is none so unutterably vile as sentimental rot set to sacred text. To be frankly outspoken, there is more honest musical worth in “Tammany” and “You Are a Wise Old Owl” than in nine-tenths of the glucose-coated and vanilla flavored concoctions which have been suffered to afflict the choir lofts of this country in these later years.

Beware of sentimental gush. It is bad enough with a girl; but it does not matter so much, because she'll tire of you before very long and slip away to gush with a handsomer man. But gushy church music is not only as catching as the measles but it sticks closer and longer than the smoking and chewing habit sticks to the victim who once gets into its clutches—than which nothing stronger or more malodorous can well be said.

So, in heaven's name, be good, and choose churchly music.

And don't have it too long. The preachers will fill the length bill, never you fear.

And don't try to raise the roof, or show all the heighth, depth, length, breadth, thickness and thinness of your voice at one fell swoop.

And don't turn to the congregation when you sing a solo in an Episcopal church.

And don't sing a disconnected solo in an Episcopal church under any circumstances. An appropriate solo in an appropriate anthem is good and churchly. A detached solo is an unchurchly abomination. (And don't think for a moment that an unchurchly abomination is an impossible paradox. There are plenty of eminently churchly things which are about as abominable as many that are extremely unchurchly. But this by the way.)

And don't forget to give your choir lists due publicity. Perhaps the **Graphic** may then be emboldened to tell in how large a measure you are fulfilling your high mission. Or, if that be not possible, it may show in what respect you are allowing the music of

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the church to fall below the true standard of a churchly service. Maybe, I say, maybe.

The subject of appropriateness never fails to bring to mind the one awful lapse for which my good friend Waldo Chase has never forgiven himself.

The Rector was away, and his substitute without any warning plunged violently into all the polemics of a virulent temperance sermon.

Whether Chasey listened not, or whether the dear boy got rattled will probably never be known; but certain it is that, at the close of a terribly water-logged peroration, the choir arose in its surpliced might and lighted out lustily into the well-known little anthem, "Honor the Lord," the text running in this wise:

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

It is only fair to say that the preacher laughed heartily over the incident—as, indeed, any whole-souled fellow would in such a case.

But you may be sure that Waldo now goes about with his nose strongly set for temperance sermons when foreign substitutes swoop down suddenly on St. John's.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

How soon are great reputations in the world of opera forgotten. Francesco Tamagno, the greatest tenor of our time, died two weeks ago at Varese, Italy. Two lines in the daily papers formed his obituary notice. Tamagno was about fifty-six years old. He was as well known as any grand opera singer of his time and was regarded for many years as one of the greatest of living tenors. Ten years ago he was stricken with an illness which was at first thought to be apoplexy, but was afterward said to be some cardiac affection. Tamagno was born in Turin, where his father was a manufacturer of mineral waters, and both Tamagno and his brother, who was a baritone, were brought up in his father's business. They belonged, however, to a choral society of workmen, where Francesco's voice attracted the attention of a well known conductor and composer, Signor Dalbezio, who offered to provide the young man's schooling in music, and his offer was accepted. At the end of three years Tamagno made a successful debut in his native city, and after further study he sang in "Un Ballo in Maschera," at Palermo, later appearing in Spain. Still later he sang in Gomez's "Il Guarany" at La Scala, and in "I Puritani" at Milan, where he made a great success. Verdi heard Tamagno sing at Turin at the time of the Italian National Exposition, and he sent for him and engaged him to originate the title-role in "Otello," which the composer had not then completed, but on which he was at work. Tamagno sang the part successfully, and it remained his greatest part, although he made a great success in "Trovatore." He came twice to this country, singing on one visit on alternate nights with Patti, and at another time as a member of the Metropolitan company under Abbey and Grau. He was a dramatic singer and his acting was sometimes compared with that of Salvini. His voice was robust. He was a heroic tenor. His voice ranged from C below to C above the staff, and some of his notes were exceptional in their volume and quality.

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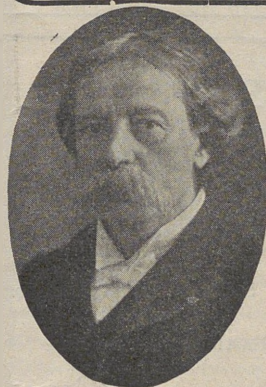
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Financial

The stockholders of the Citizens Bank of Corona have voted to increase the capital from \$25,000 to \$50,000. Mr. Tepening has sold his stock in this bank to C. A. Kinney.

The Gosney & Perkins Bank of Flagstaff, Arizona, has been transferred to a new bank incorporation under the name of Citizens Bank, with a capital of \$25,000.

The stockholders of the Citizens Bank of Riverside have voted to increase the capital stock from \$50,000 to \$100,000. A savings department is contemplated.

The State Bank of San Jacinto has reorganized as the First National Bank with a capital stock of \$50,000.

Newport expects to have a bank of its own very shortly.

Bonds

The city council of Los Angeles has authorized the issuance of \$1,500,000 water bonds. The bonds will bear date of November 1, 1905 and the rate of interest is 4 per cent. The bonds will be advertised November 1. Bids for printing and engraving will be received up to September 25.

The Santa Monica school district has voted \$60,000 school bonds.

Santa Monica (city) will vote next month on an issue of \$100,000 sewer bonds.

Julian (San Diego County) proposes to erect a town hall, and a \$1600 bond issue is contemplated.

The Anaheim trustees have adopted a resolution of intention on an issue of \$69,000 bonds of which \$23,000 is for water works, \$25,000 for an electric lighting system, \$15,000 for gas works, \$3000 for cement crosswalks and \$3000 for oiling streets.

Prescott (Ariz.) is making arrangements to dispose of \$100,000 bonds for a municipal water plant.

Santa Maria voted \$2500 in school bonds on September 9.

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Graham County (Ariz.) offers \$4000 on school bonds. Bids close at Solomonville on October 2.

The Los Angeles supervisors will sell \$15,000 San Pedro High School bonds on October 3rd. The Ranchito school bonds (\$1000) will be sold by the same body on September 25th.

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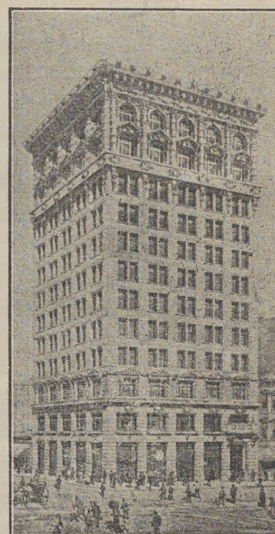
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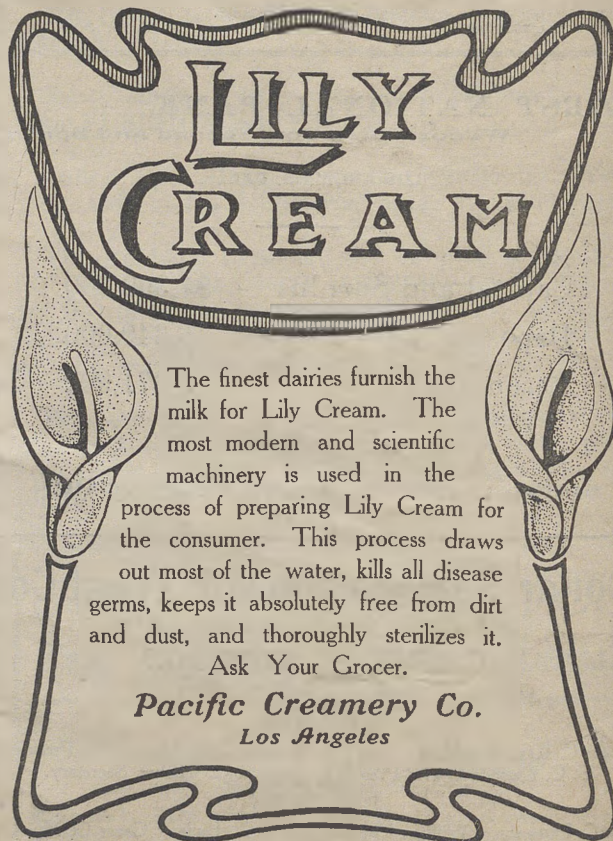
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